

GOOD WILL

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

BY

T. MARTIN TOWNE

AND J. M. STILLMAN

F. 46.112

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CHICAGO:

Published by S. W. STRAUB.

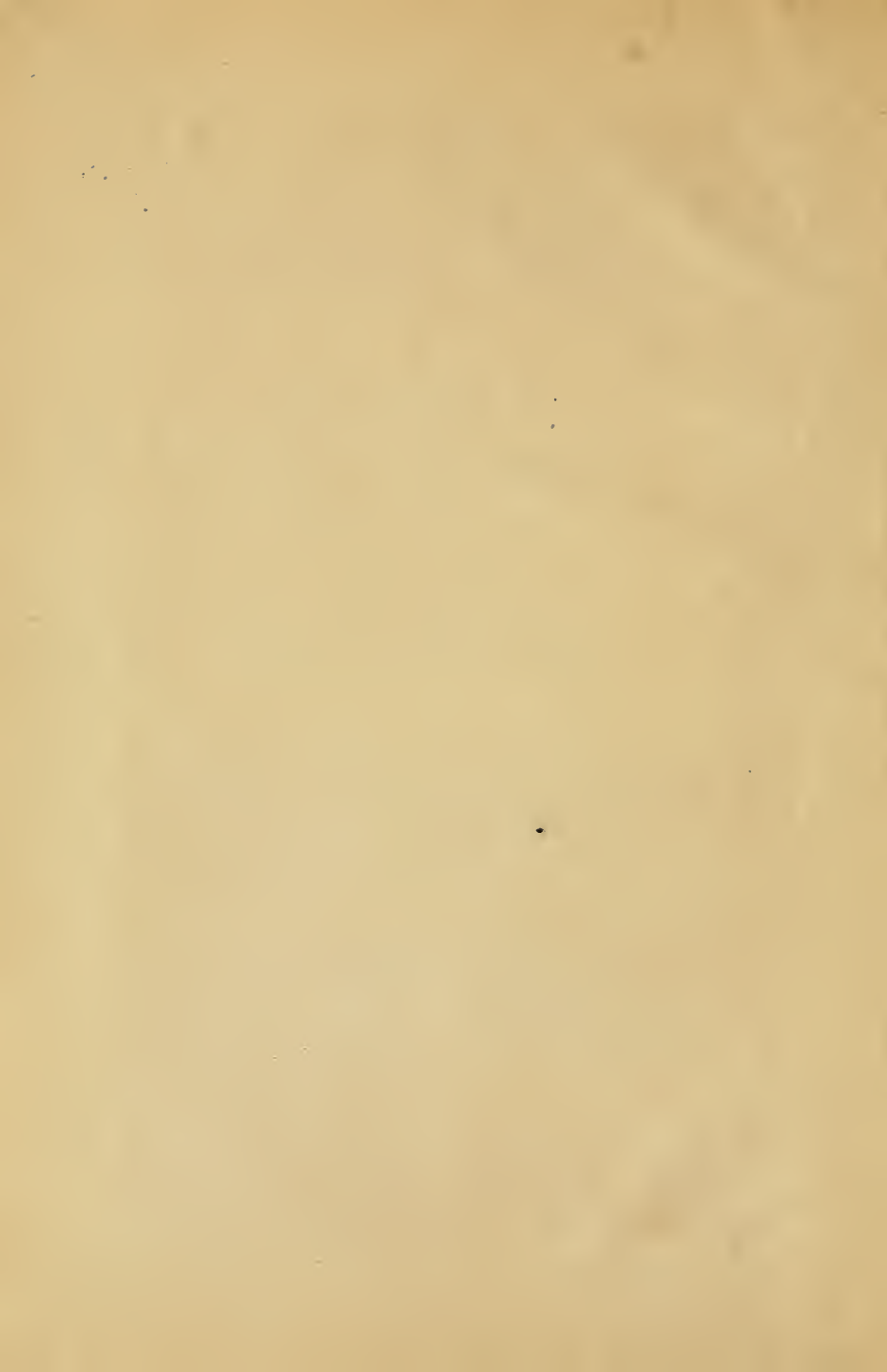
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✓
(ENLARGED)
GOOD WILL:



A

COLLECTION OF NEW MUSIC

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

BY

✓✓ T. MARTIN TOWNE and J. M. STILLMAN. ✓

PUBLISHED BY S. W. STRAUB.
1882.

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AUTHORS' PREFACE.

EVERY Sabbath school should strive to have the best singing possible. Good singing not only serves to impress gospel truths upon the heart, but it also renders the service more interesting, and secures a larger and more regular attendance of the scholars.

Children should be taught to sing sweetly, spiritedly and with expression ; avoiding all screaming, as well as a dull, dragging, lifeless style.

A good Sabbath school singing book should contain hymns which inculcate the truths of the Gospel, inspire the heart with love for the Savior and teach no false doctrines. The tunes should have an easy, natural and beautiful melody, be correctly and appropriately harmonized, and be adapted to the sentiment of the words. Such a book we have endeavored to make ; and to the Sabbath schools, Evangelists and to Christian workers of every name throughout the land, we offer our "GOOD WILL."

CHICAGO, *Feb.*, 1878.

T. MARTIN TOWNE,
J. M. STILLMAN.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THIS book is sent out with the hope and firm belief that it will, in some measure, satisfy the urgent and increasing demand for *good* and well adapted music for our Sabbath schools and social meetings. The gentlemen who have had the work in charge are musical writers of established reputation ; and they have also been guided and assisted in this work by a knowledge of the needs of our Christian workers, which has been gained by almost twenty years of experience in this connection.

We take pleasure in submitting the book to that fairest and most certain test of its merits—the actual use in the service of song.

THE PUBLISHER.

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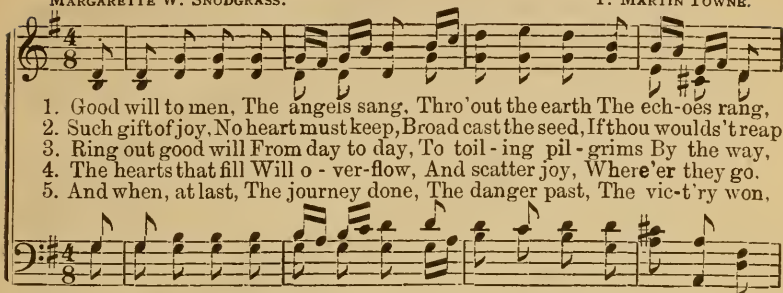
GOOD WILL.

Good Will.

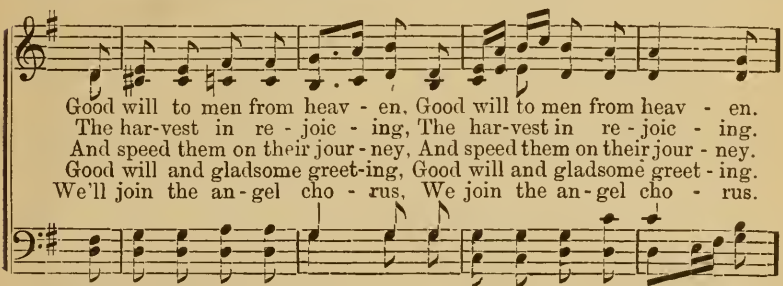
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—LUKE ii. 14.

MARGARETTE W. SNODGRASS.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

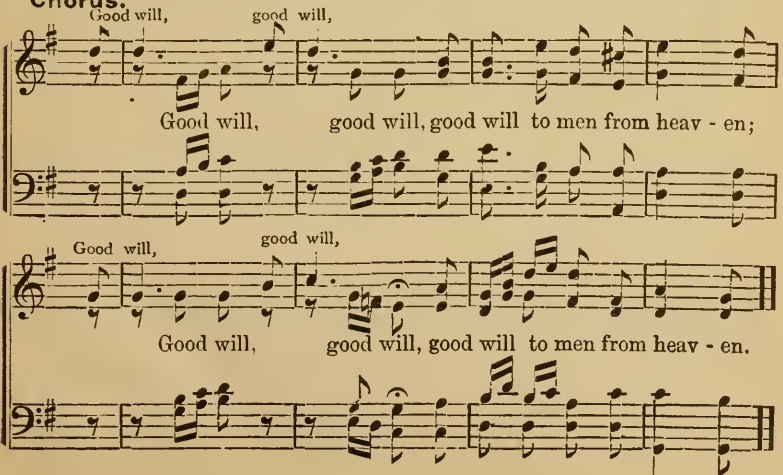


1. Good will to men, The angels sang, Thro'out the earth The ech-oes rang,
2. Such gift of joy, No heart must keep, Broad cast the seed, If thou would'st reap
3. Ring out good will From day to day, To toil-ing pil-grims By the way,
4. The hearts that fill Will o-ver-flow, And scatter joy, Where'er they go.
5. And when, at last, The journey done, The danger past, The vic-t'ry won,



Good will to men from heav-en, Good will to men from heav-en.
The har-vest in re-joice-ing, The har-vest in re-joice-ing.
And speed them on their jour-ney, And speed them on their jour-ney.
Good will and gladsome greet-ing, Good will and gladsome greet-ing.
We'll join the an-gel cho-rus, We join the an-gel cho-rus.

Chorus.



Good will, good will,
Good will, good will, good will to men from heav-en;
Good will, good will,
Good will, good will, good will to men from heav-en.

He is My Rock.

Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

J. M. STILLMAN.

*Solo ad lib.**Chorus.*

1. If thy path is like night, Then trust in the Lord, For
 2. If thy jour - ney is long, Then trust in the Lord, For
 3. If thy bur - dens bear down, Then trust in the Lord, For
 4. If thy sub - stance doth wane, Then trust in the Lord, For
 5. There is strength for each day, So trust in the Lord, For

Solo ad lib.

he is our rock and sal - va - tion; You must stand for the right, And
 he is our rock and sal - va - tion; Cheer the heart with a song, And
 he is our rock and sal - va - tion; Let the world see no frown, But
 he is our rock and sal - va - tion; There's no la - bor in vain, So
 he is our rock and sal - va - tion; Do not turn from the way, But

Chorus.

trust in the Lord, For he is our rock and sal - va - tion; For
 trust in the Lord, For he is our rock, etc.
 trust in the Lord, For he is our rock, etc.
 trust in the Lord, For he is our rock, etc.
 trust in the Lord, For he is our rock, etc.

he is our rock, for he is our rock, for he is our rock and sal - va - tion.

Seeking for Me.

5

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great dept. and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a-
 4. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for
 soul he set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
 far from the fold. Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
 wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

for me..... for me.....

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
 me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me;
 me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
 me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gently and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

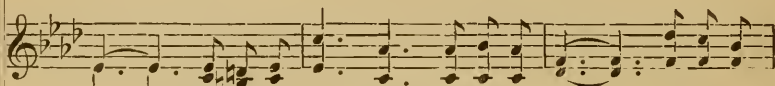
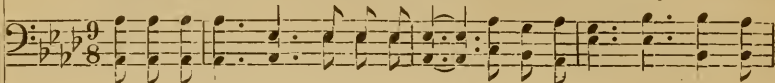
Beautiful Star of Bethlehem!

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

J. M. STILLMAN, by per.



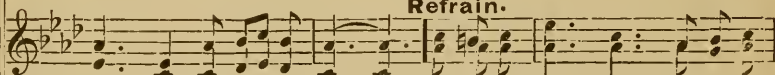
1. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine O-ver the hills of Pal-es-
2. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine, Shedding thy beau-teous rays di-
3. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine In-to the hearts that faint and
4. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine O-ver this earthly home of



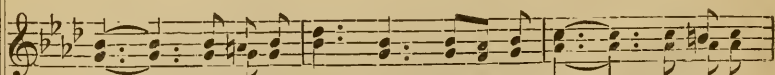
tine, There the Child Je - sus slum-ber-eth sweet, And we would
vine, Light the dark plac - es held in sin's thrall, Bringing thy
pine, Show the Child Je - sus, hum-ble, but King, Born to com-
mine How the Child Je - sus dwell-ing with me, Keep-eth me



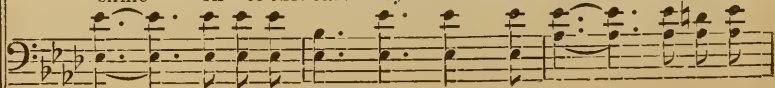
Refrain.



bow at his ho - ly feet. Beautiful star of Beth-le-hem.
peace and good will to all. Beautiful star of Beth-le-hem.
pas - sion and comfort bring. Beautiful star of Beth-le-hem.
pure and from sinning free. Beautiful star of Beth-le-hem.



shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es - tine, Beau-ti-ful
shine, Shedding thy beau-teous rays di - vine, Beau-ti-ful
shine In - to the hearts that faint and pine, Beau-ti-ful
shine In - to this earth - ly home of mine, Beau-ti-ful



Beautiful Star of Bethlehem---Concluded. 7

star of Bethlehem, shine O-ver the hills of Pal-es - tine.
 star of Bethlehem, shine Shedding thy beauteous rays di-vine.
 star of Bethlehem, shine In-to the hearts that faint and pine.
 star of Bethlehem, shine In-to this earth-ly home of mine.

Crown of Glory.

MARIA STRAUB
With energy.

S. W. STRAUB, by per

1. La-bor fait' ful in the vineyard, Labor for your Lord; By and by he'll
 2. Love to do your Savior's bidding Know he loveth you; Fol-low in the
 3. Soon, oh, soon your Lord will come to Set his servant free. Take you where a

Chorus.

crown your labor. With a bright reward. By and by a CROWN OF GLORY
 way of goodness, Keep the end in view. By and by, etc.
 crown of glo-ry Shall be giv - en thee. By and by, etc.

shall be giv-en thee; CROWN OF GLORY, fadeless glory, shall descend on thee.

Sing His Praises.

"And they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."—MARK xi. 9.

Rev. L. F. COLE. *Allegretto.*

J. M. STILLMAN

1. Prophets spoke the com-ing Je - sus, An gels chant-ed at his
 2. Glad was he to see their fa - ces, Glad to hear their hap-py
 3. All the gladness of our young hearts, Richest garlands we can

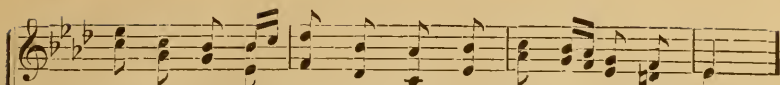
birth, Chil - dren shout - ed in the tem - ple, Heav'n had
 songs. Glad to pour his bless - ings on them. Lov'd to
 bring. All we have, or hope or wish for. At the

stoop'd to kiss the earth; Chil-dren throng'd him, chil - dren
 have them come in throngs; Now as then he loves the
 Sav - ior's feet we fling. He who trod the way of

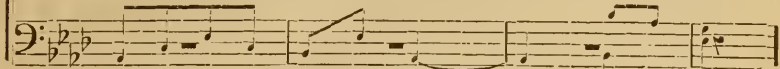
prais'd him. Caught his smiles and touch'd his hand. Cast their
 chil-dren. Loves their sing - ing. loves their praise; Let us
 sor - row. He who drank the cup of death. We shall

Sing His Praises---Concluded.


9



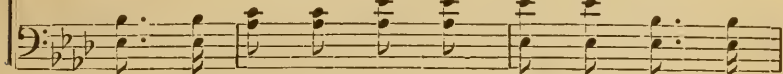
garlands in his path-way, Welcom'd him thro' all the land.
gladden earth and heav-en, By the songs of love we raise.
praise and love and wor-ship, Praise him with our lat-est breath.



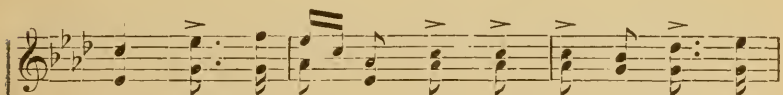
Chorus.*




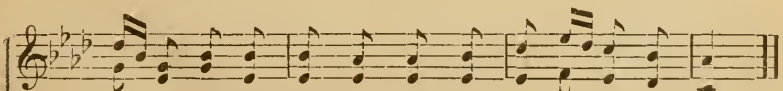
Sing his prais-es, shout Ho - san - na, Sing his



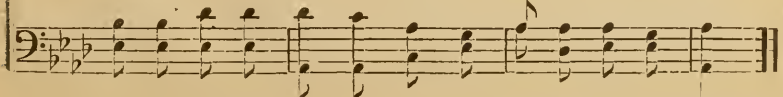

prais-es, shout Ho - san - na, Let the heav'n-ly arch-es

ring; Sing his prais-es, shout Ho - san - na. Sing his

praises, shout Ho-san - na, Songs of love to Je - sus sing.



* The words "sing his praises" may be sung as a Quartet or Solo, the Chorus joining on the words "shout Hosanna."

Storm the Fort.

"Now shall the prince of this world be cast out,"—JOHN xii. 31.

Rev. J. B. VINTON, Burmah

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig-nal. Je-sus waves on high!
 2. See! the loft-y walls are frowning, Held by Satan's pow'r;
 3. See! the prophets now are show-ing How the fort must fall;
 4. Pierce and long the siege has last-ed, But the end is near;

Sa-tan's bat-tle-ments are reel-ing. Hear our Cap-tain's cry.
 Sin enshrouds the world in darkness, Now's the storm-ing hour.
 There is no such thing as fail-ing, Shout, my comrades, all!
 On-ward leads our great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

Chorus. *With vigor.*

Storm the fort! for I am lead-ing, I have shown you how;

Shout the an-swer back to heav-en, We are read-y—now!

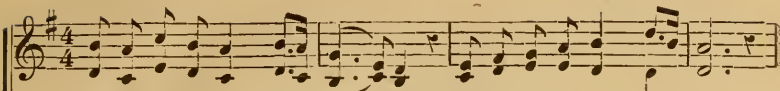
Ever New.

11

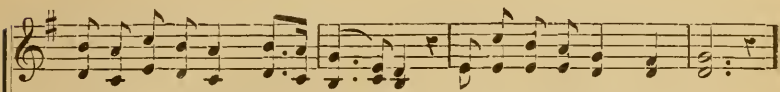
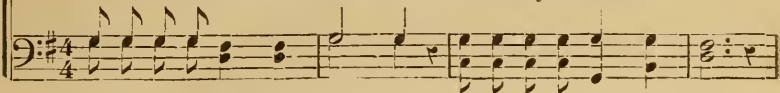
"And they sung a new song."—REV. v. 9.

Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Ev-er new the name of Je - sus. Down thro' years the thread has run;
2. Ev-er new the name of Je - sus, Years in passing on - ly give
3. Ev-er new the name of Je - sus, Thro' earth's arches let it ring;
4. Ev-er new the name of Je - sus, Not a day but that we need



Still to-day 'tis fresh and cheer - ing, And its sto - ry but be - gun.
Still new brightness to its beau - ty, As some soul learns how to live.
That some heart with sor - row bur - den'd May its blessed measures sing.
Fresh to con the bless - ed sto - ry, To its teachings giv - ing heed.



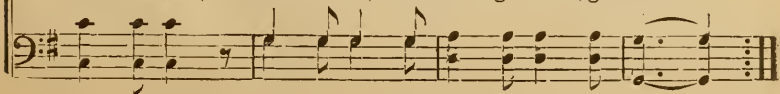
Refrain.



Ev - er new..... Ev - er new.....
Ev - er new, oh, ev - er new, Ev - er new, oh, ev - er new;



Nev - er told..... 'Twill ne'er..... grow old....
Nev - er told, nev - er told, 'Twill ne'er grow old, grow old....

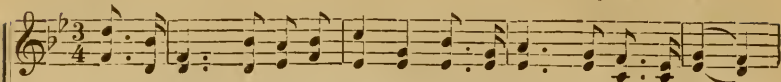


O Savior, Rescue Me.

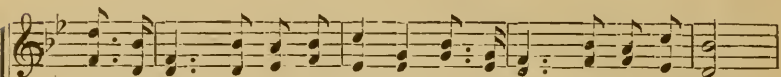
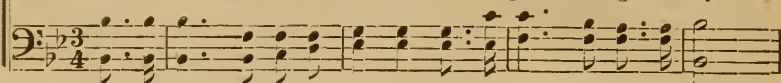
"Beginning to sink, he cried, Lord, save me."—MATT. xiv. 30.

Rev. L. F. COLE.

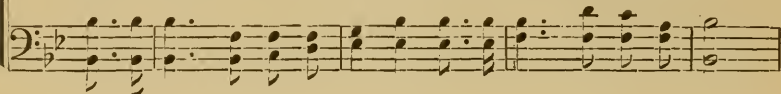
J. M. STILLMAN.



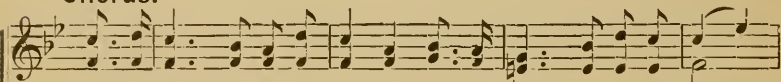
1. Driv-en on by angry tempest, Toss'd by waves that mount the sea,
2. Close the heavens, shut in darkness, Not a star in all the sky;
3. Still the waves go sweeping onward, Still they leap to cov-er me.
4. Can it be that one thus driv-en To de-spair and ag-o-ny,



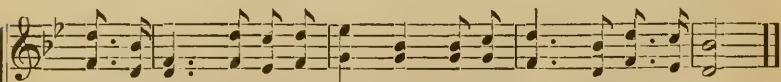
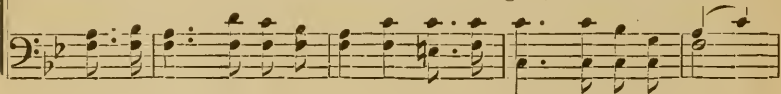
List-en to my earnest pleading, Quick, O Sav-ior, res-cue me.
Oh, re-lent-less winds and waters! To my res-cue, Sav-ior, fly.
Still the winds ride on in fu-ry; Quick, O Lord, my Sav-ior, be.
Shall look up in vain to heav-en, Vain-ly lift his pleading cry?



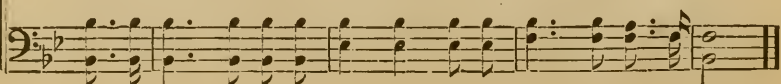
Chorus.



List. O Sav-ior, to my pleading, Ris-ing up thro' storm to thee;
Last v. No, oh, no! for thro' the darkness, Treading in, to calm the sea,



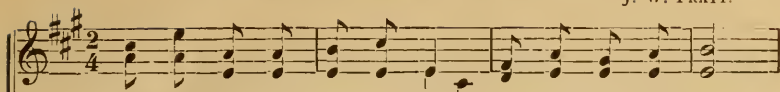
Quick, come quickly thro' the darkness, Quick, O Sav-ior, res-cue me.
While the wind sinks in-to zeph-yrs, Je-sus comes to res-cue me.



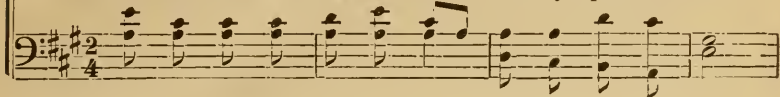
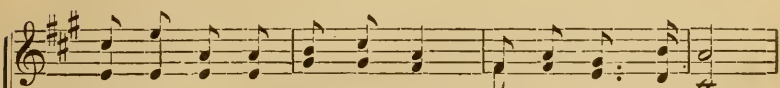
Always Speak the Truth.

13

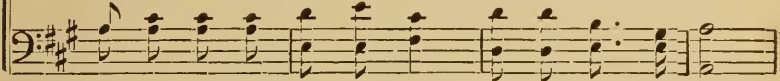
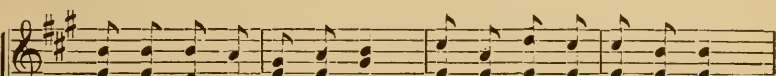
J. W. PRATT.



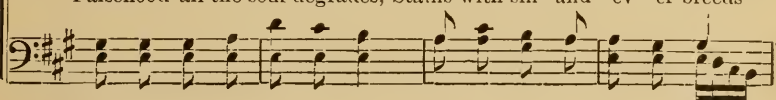
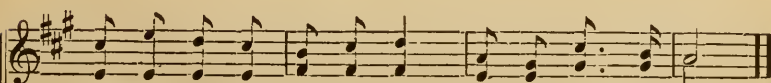
1. Be the mat - ter what it may, Al-ways speak the truth;
 2. There's a charm in ver - i - ty; Al-ways speak the truth;
 3. False-hood sel - dom stands a - lone, Al-ways speak the truth;

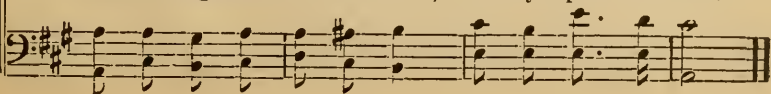
Wheth - er work, or wheth - er play, Al-ways speak the truth.
 But there's meanness in a lie, Al-ways speak the truth.
 One be - gets an - oth - er one, Al-ways speak the truth.

Nev - er from this rule de - part; Grave it deep - ly on your heart;
 He is but a cow - ard slave, Who, a pres - ent pain to waive,
 Falsehood all the soul degrades, Stains with sin and ev - er breeds

Writ - ten 'tis on vir - tue's chart, Al-ways speak the truth.
 Stoops to falsehood; then be brave; Al-ways speak the truth.
 E - vil thoughts and dark - er deeds; Al-ways speak the truth.



Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Work, work! *where* shall we work, Where is the field we may share?
 2. Work, work! *how* shall we work, How shall we la-bor a - right?
 3. Work, work! *when* shall we work, When shall the sickle go in?
 4. Work, work! ev-er we'll work, Working with hearts full of love;

Ev-er in sight is the harvest white, Work can be found an-y where.
 Working in love like the angels above, Working with God in our might.
 Working *to-day* is the on - ly way, If a full harvest we'd win.
 Working in night, with the morning light, Working for Jesus a - bove.

Chorus.

Work, work, work! Ev-er we'll work, work for the Lord;

Haste, haste, haste! Linger not, time waiteth for none.

The Lord of Life,

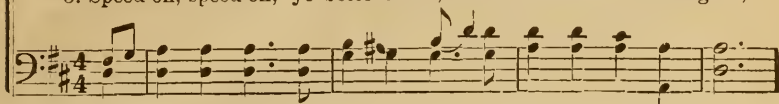
15

From "Everybodys Paper."

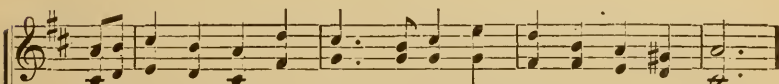
W. W. WALLACE.



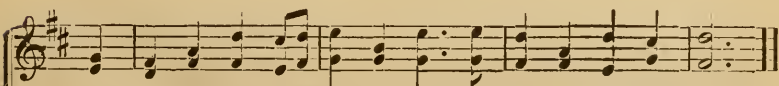
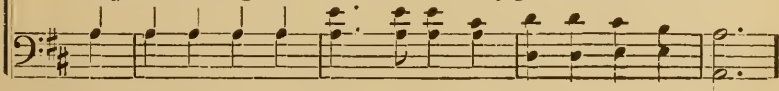
1. The Lord of Life! be-hold him come, A fal - len world to raise!
2. The an - gels sang thy bless-ed birth, On Bethle'm's shining plain;
3. Speed on, speed on, ye better times, When Christ shall come a-gain,



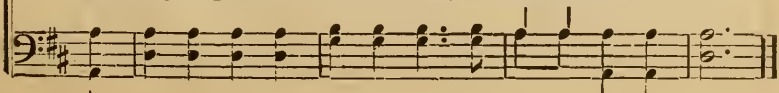
Shall hearts be cold, shall lips be dumb, When Christ demands our praise?
Shall we be si - lent, sons of earth, While ours is all the gain?
To free this earth from woes and crimes, And midst his saints to reign!



Didst thou for us, O Lord, didst thou Contempt and sorrow choose?
A - wake a - gain, ye hosts of light, And help us while we sing!
Reign, Savior, reign from land to land, Thy glorious name be known!



And shall our thank-less spir-its now Their best to thee re - fuse?
Till all the heav'n and earth u - nite To tell that Christ is King.
Claim ev'ry tongue, and heart, and hand, And make the world thine own.

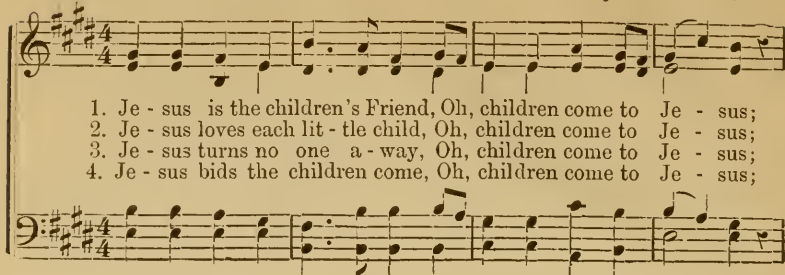


Jesus is Our Friend.

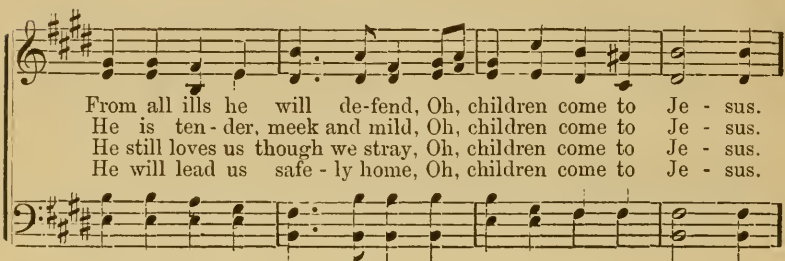
"Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. xxiv. 14.

Mrs. SARAH L. SOCWELL.

J. M. STILLMAN.

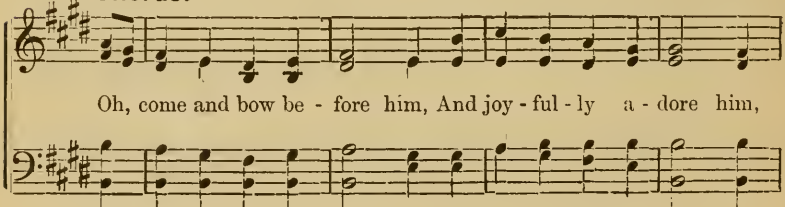


1. Je - sus is the children's Friend, Oh, children come to Je - sus;
 2. Je - sus loves each lit - tle child, Oh, children come to Je - sus;
 3. Je - sus turns no one a - way, Oh, children come to Je - sus;
 4. Je - sus bids the children come, Oh, children come to Je - sus;

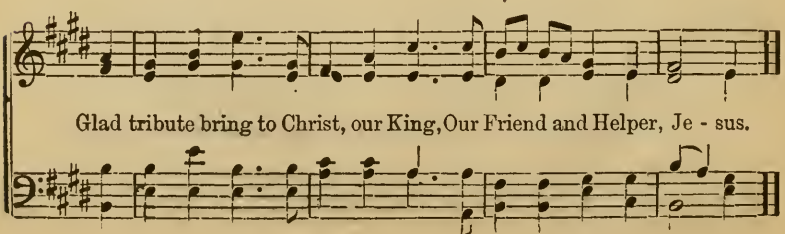


From all ills he will de-fend, Oh, children come to Je - sus.
 He is ten - der, meek and mild, Oh, children come to Je - sus.
 He still loves us though we stray, Oh, children come to Je - sus.
 He will lead us safe - ly home, Oh, children come to Je - sus.

Chorus.



Oh, come and bow be - fore him, And joy - ful - ly a - dore him,



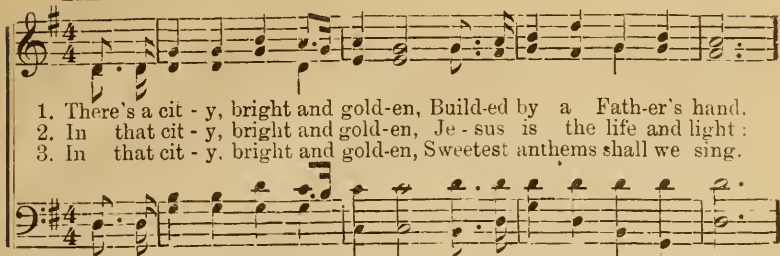
Glad tribute bring to Christ, our King, Our Friend and Helper, Je - sus.

There's a City, Bright and Golden.

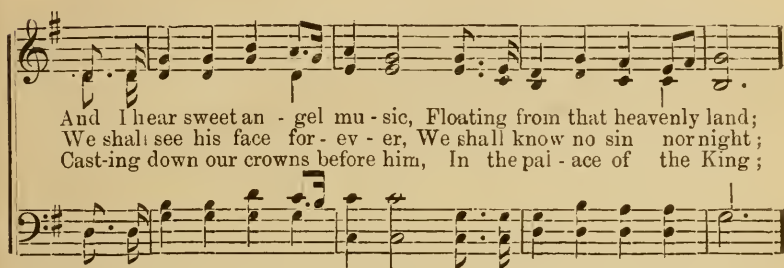
17

ELIZA SHERMAN.

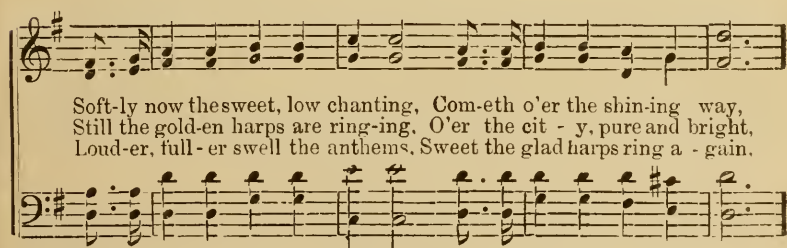
J. M. STILLMAN, by per



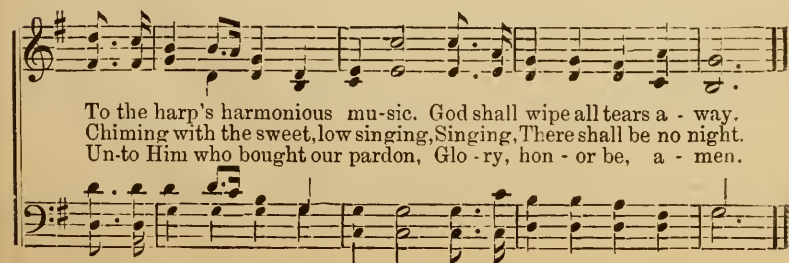
1. There's a cit - y, bright and gold-en, Build-ed by a Fath-er's hand.
 2. In that cit - y, bright and gold-en, Je - sus is the life and light :
 3. In that cit - y. bright and gold-en, Sweetest anthems shall we sing.



And I hear sweet an - gel mu - sic, Floating from that heavenly land;
 We shall see his face for - ev - er, We shall know no sin nor night;
 Cast-ing down our crowns before him, In the pal - ace of the King;



Soft-ly now the sweet, low chanting, Com-eth o'er the shin-ing way,
 Still the gold-en harps are ring-ing. O'er the cit - y, pure and bright,
 Loud-er, full-er swell the anthems, Sweet the glad harps ring a - gain.



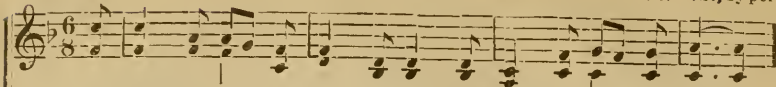
To the harp's harmonious mu-sic, God shall wipe all tears a - way.
 Chiming with the sweet, low singing, Singing, There shall be no night.
 Un-to Him who bought our pardon, Glo - ry, hon - or be, a - men.

The Dark Shall be made Light.

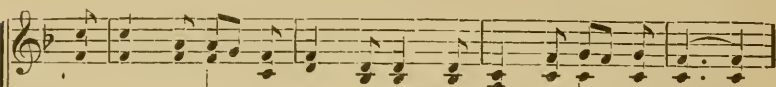
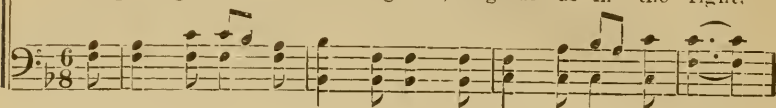
(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

MARLAN

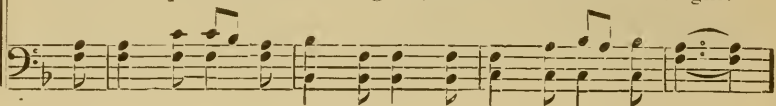
Melody by M. A. STRAUB. Arr. S.W. S., by per.



1. A bright-er day is draw-ing near, The dark shall be made light.
2. Press forward then thou anxi-ous soul, Though oft with wea-ry feet.
3. Bright angel forms are hov-er-ing near, To guide us in the right.



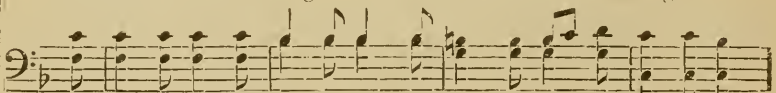
When morning drives the shades away, And makes an end of night.
For joy and peace shall crown your life, And all thy rest be sweet.
And whis-per in our listen-ing ear, "The dark shall be made light!"



Chorus,

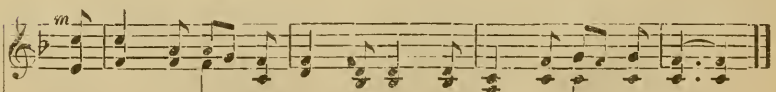


The dark shall be made light. The dark shall be made light.

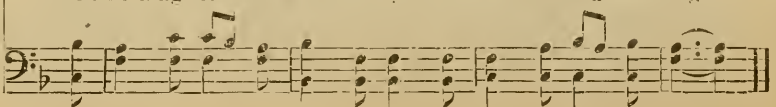


made light,

made light,



When morning drives the shades away, And makes an end of night.



Sing of Jesus.

19

JOHN x. 11.

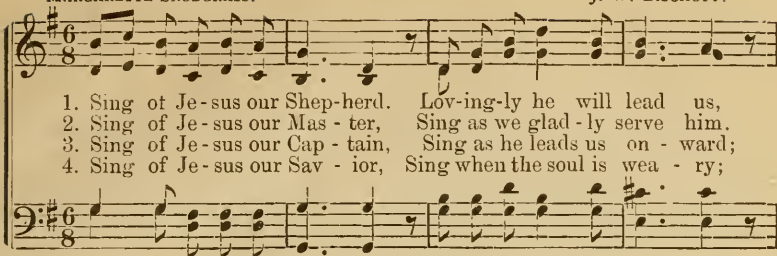
MATT. xxiii. 8.

HEB. ii. 10.

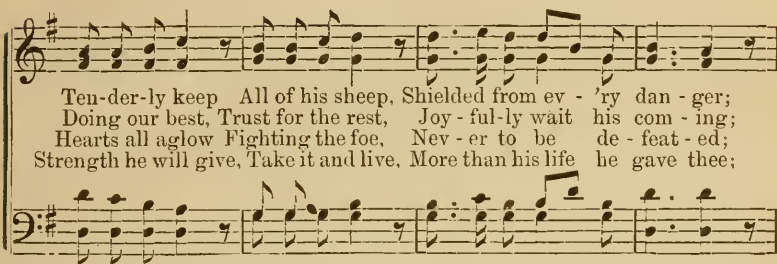
ACTS xviii. 23

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

J. W. BISCHOFF.



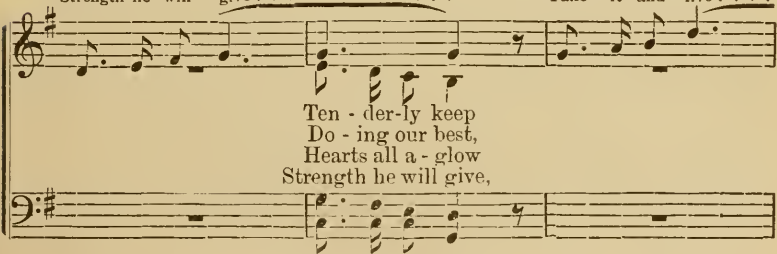
1. Sing of Je-sus our Shep-herd. Lov-ing-ly he will lead us,
 2. Sing of Je-sus our Mas-ter, Sing as we glad-ly serve him.
 3. Sing of Je-sus our Cap-tain, Sing as he leads us on-ward;
 4. Sing of Je-sus our Sav-ior, Sing when the soul is wea-ry;



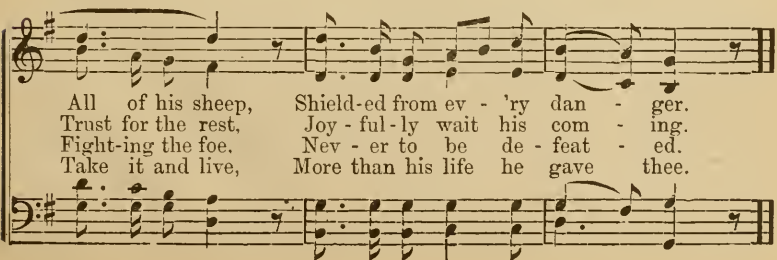
Ten-der-ly keep All of his sheep, Shielded from ev-'ry dan-ger;
 Doing our best, Trust for the rest, Joy-ful-ly wait his com-ing;
 Hearts all aglow Fighting the foe, Nev-er to be de-feat-ed;
 Strength he will give, Take it and live, More than his life he gave thee;

Ten-der-ly keep
 Do-ing our best
 Hearts all a-glow
 Strength he will give

All of his sheep . . .
 Trust for the rest . . .
 Fight-ing the foe . . .
 Take it and live . . .



Ten-der-ly keep
 Do-ing our best,
 Hearts all a-glow
 Strength he will give,



All of his sheep, Shield-ed from ev-'ry dan-ger.
 Trust for the rest, Joy-ful-ly wait his com-ing.
 Fight-ing the foe, Nev-er to be de-feat-ed.
 Take it and live, More than his life he gave thee.

A Song of Love. (Closing Hymn.)

Rev. FAREL HART.

T. MARTIN TOWNE, by per.

1. A song of love To thee a-bove We of-fer at this clos-ing;
 2. Thy gracious word That we have heard Has filled our hearts with pleasure;
 3. May each one seek Thro'out the week To hon-or and con-fess thee;

And as we go, Lord, may we know In whom we are re-pos-ing.
 Aid us to live So as to give Proof of the wondrous treas-ure.
 May thy right arm Shield all from harm, That we may ev-er bless thee.

Chorus.

We trust in thee.

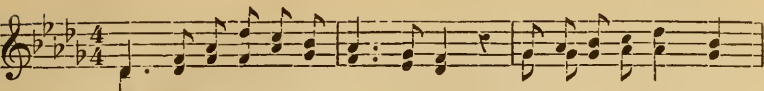
We trust in thee, we trust in thee. Tho' ma-n-y sins op-press us;

We trust in thee, we trust in thee, To ev-er guide and bless us

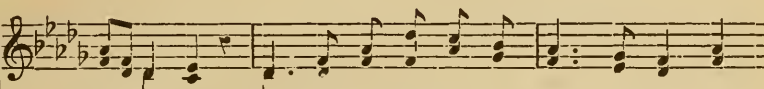
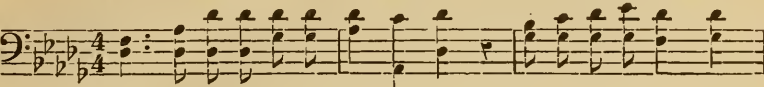
Seek and Love and Praise the Lord. 21

T. M. T.

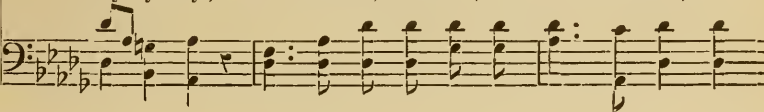
M. VILLA.



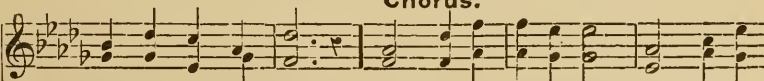
1. Sav - ior, we will never be ashamed, . Be ashamed to seek Thee,
2. Sav - ior, we will never be ashamed, Be ashamed to love Thee,
3. Sav - ior, we will never be ashamed, Be ashamed to praise Thee,
4. We will Seek, and Love, and Praise the Lord ; This shall be our pleasure,



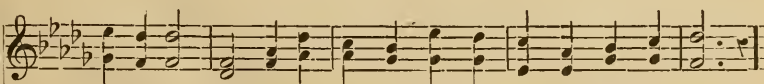
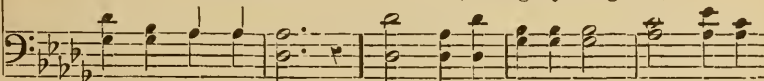
seek al - way: Sav - ior, we will nev - er be ashamed To
 love al - way: Sav - ior, we will nev - er be ashamed To
 praise al - way: Sav - ior, we will nev - er be ashamed To
 day by day; We will Seek, and Love, and Praise the Lord, The



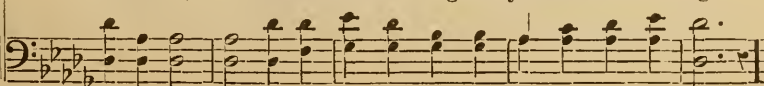
Chorus.



seek our Lord and God. Je - sus, Almighty King! Our hearts and
 love the Might-y One. Je - sus, Almighty King etc.,
 praise the Lord of Lords. Je - sus, Almighty King etc.,
 Sav - ior of the world. Je - sus, Almighty King etc.,



voic-es sing ! While unto thee we bring Our youthful of - fer - ing.

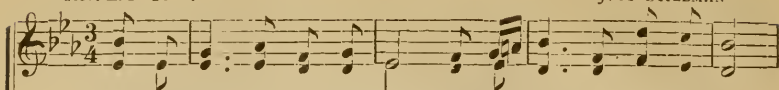


Blaze On, O Cross of Glory.

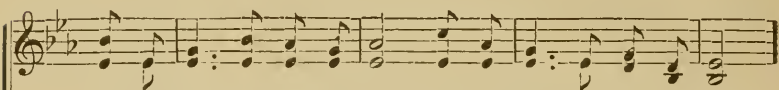
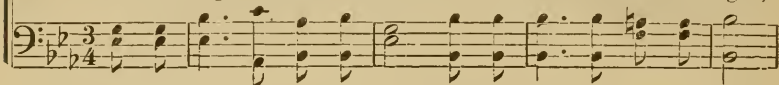
"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

Rev. L. F. COL.

J. M. STILLMAN



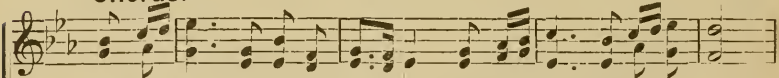
1. Shadows deep a - cross the world, Hide the path I fain would go;
2. Bursting out up - on the gloom, Flames the cross in beau-ty bright;
3. As the moon marks all the night, Sil - ver paths a - cross the sea,
4. When the morn break's in the east, I shall stand be-neath thy arms,
5. Gate of Par - a - dise thou art, Ev - er o - pen to my feet;
6. So I hope at last to stand, Where there shall be no more night;



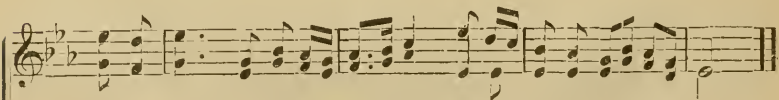
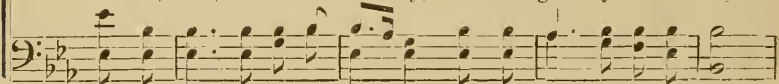
Oft in dang'rous paths I'm hurl'd, Fill'd with doubt and fear and woe.
I can shun my dread-ed doom, If I fol - low in its light.
Mark, O cross, a way of light. Thro' this world's dark night for me.
Safe be - side thee I shall rest, Safe from all the world's a-larms.
Shin-ing thro' thee to my heart, Heaven's beauteous light I greet.
One of heaven's praising band, Led there by thy bless-ed light.



Chorus.



Blaze on, then, O Cross of Glo - ry, Flame out grandly thro' the night;



Flame on, flame on in thy beau-ty, Fill the darken'd world with light.



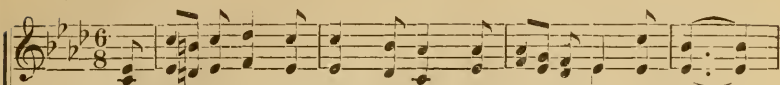
The Voice of Jesus.

23

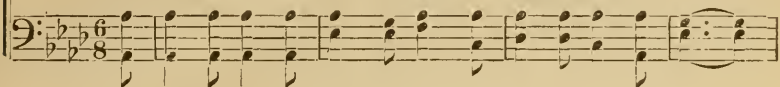
And a voice came out of the clouds saying this is my beloved Son; hear him.—MARK ix. 7.

Rev. H. BONAR.

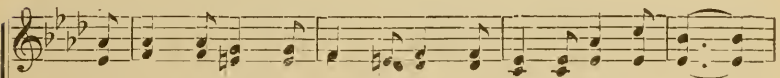
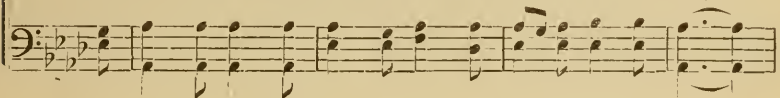
W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest:
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light



Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa-ters; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus, as I was so wea-ry, worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life-giv-ing stream:
I look'd to Je - sus, and I found in him my STAR, my SUN.

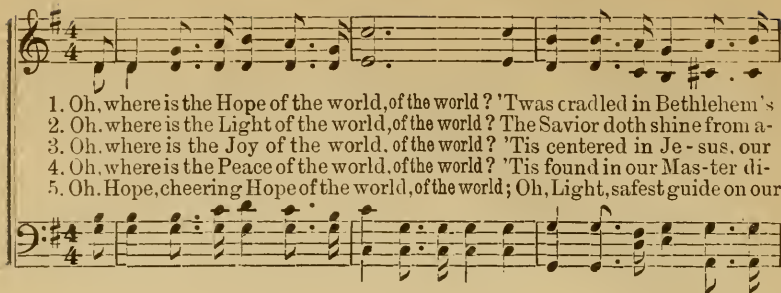


I found in him a rest-ing place, And he hath made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll work Till all my journey's done.

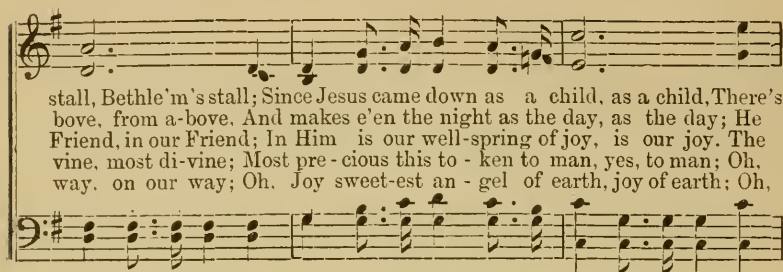


Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



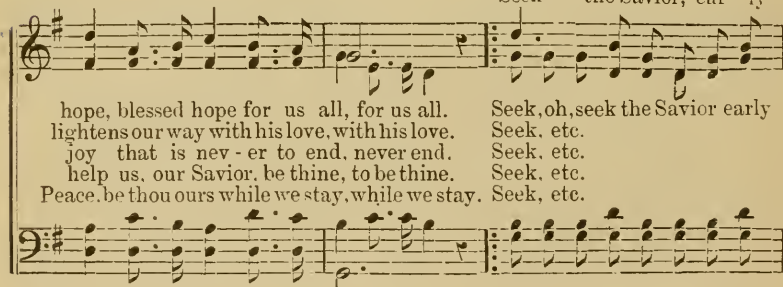
1. Oh, where is the Hope of the world, of the world? 'Twas cradled in Bethlehem's
 2. Oh, where is the Light of the world, of the world? The Savior doth shine from a-
 3. Oh, where is the Joy of the world, of the world? 'Tis centered in Je - sus, our
 4. Oh, where is the Peace of the world, of the world? 'Tis found in our Mas - ter di-
 5. Oh, Hope, cheering Hope of the world, of the world; Oh, Light, safest guide on our



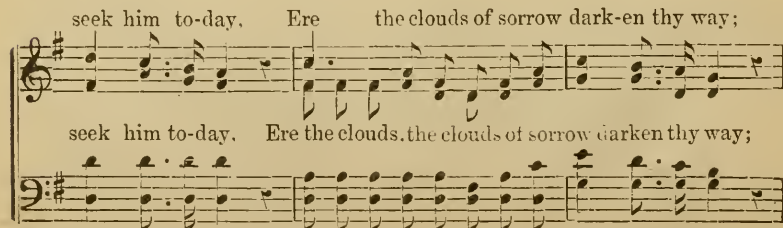
stall, Bethle'm's stall; Since Jesus came down as a child, as a child, There's
 bove, from a-bove. And makes e'en the night as the day, as the day; He
 Friend, in our Friend; In Him is our well-spring of joy, is our joy. The
 vine, most di-vine; Most pre-cious this to - ken to man, yes, to man; Oh,
 way, on our way; Oh, Joy sweet-est an - gel of earth, joy of earth; Oh,

Chorus.

Seek the Savior, ear - ly

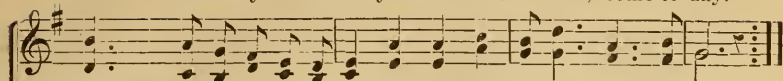


hope, blessed hope for us all, for us all. Seek, oh, seek the Savior early
 lightens our way with his love, with his love. Seek, etc.
 joy that is nev - er to end, never end. Seek, etc.
 help us, our Savior, be thine, to be thine. Seek, etc.
 Peace, be thou ours while we stay, while we stay. Seek, etc.



seek him to-day, Ere the clouds of sorrow dark-en thy way;
 seek him to-day, Ere the clouds, the clouds of sorrow darken thy way;

God is ready to receive you now Oh, brother, come to-day.

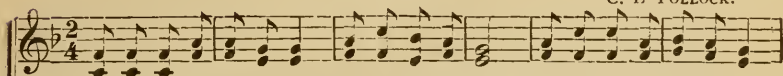


God is ready, ready to receive you now, Oh, brother, come to-day.

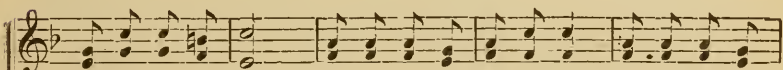
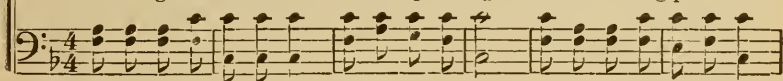


Anywhere.

C. F. POLLOCK.



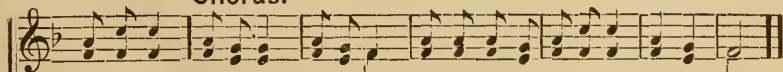
1. An-y little corner, Lord, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me work for thee,
2. Where we pitch our nightly tent, Surely matters not; If the day for thee is spent,
3. All a-long the wilderness, Let us keep our sight, On the moving pillar fixed.



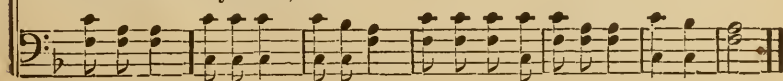
There would I a-bide: Mir-a-cle of saving grace, Thou that gavest
Bless-ed is the spot, Quickly we the tent may fold. Cheerful march thro'
Constant day and night; Thou the heart will make its home, Willing, led by



Chorus.



me a place. Anywhere, anywhere: Thou that gavest me a place anywhere,
storm and cold. Anywhere, etc.
thee to roam. Anywhere, etc.



I Would Not Live Without Thee.

Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. I would not live without thee, Not a day, not a day. I need thy strength to
 2. The world is full of sorrow, And of fears, and of fears; And many eyes are
 3. The way is fraught with danger For us all, for us all; Oh, Savior, never
 4. I'll fear no coming sorrow, Light will shine, light will shine, There'll come with ev'ry

help me, All the way, all the way; I would not dare to wander From thy
 ever Shedding tears, shedding tears; And hearts are well nigh breaking With their
 leave me, Lest I fall, lest I fall; When thou dost walk beside me, I am
 morrow, Help di-vine, help divine; And when the journey's ended, Then I

side, from thy side, For storms and danger threaten Far and wide, far and wide.
 woe, with their woe; And many vainly struggle Here below, here below.
 strong, I am strong, To fight the many battles All a-long, all a - long.
 know, then I know, To realms of endless glory I shall go, I shall go.

Chorus.

I would not live with - out thee, Dear Sav - ior, thou art mine;

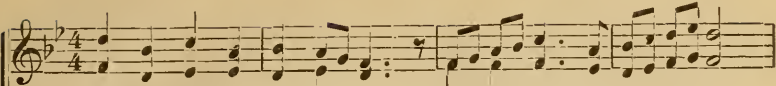
Thy love doth make a heav-en, For me a world di - vine.

I am Thine, Save Me.

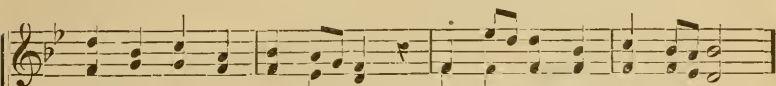
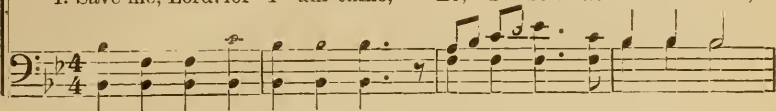
27

Rev. L. F. COLB.

FREDERIC H. PEASE.



1. Save me, Lord, for I am thine, Purchas'd with a price di-vine,
2. Save me, Lord, for I am thine, Round my heart thy love entwine;
3. Save me, Lord, for I am thine, On thy mer-cy I re-cline;
4. Save me, Lord, for I am thine, Lo, I bow at Je-sus' shrine,

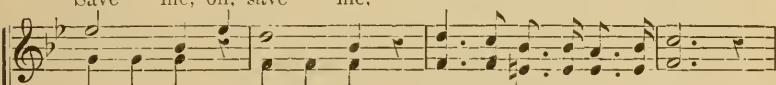


On thy prom-is-es I stand; Who shall pluck me from thy hand?
 Draw me clos-er, bind me fast, Lest I fall from thee at last.
 In the Sav-ior's name I pray, Let me nev-er from thee stray.
 Low-ly at his feet I bow; Save me, Lord, oh, save me now.

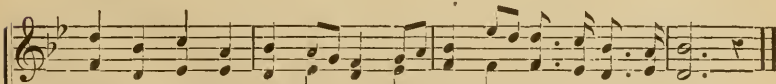
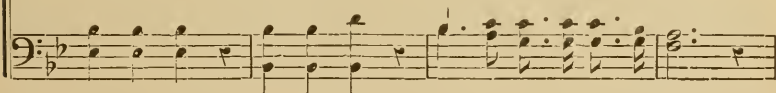


Chorus.

Save me, oh, save me.



Save me, Lord, save me, Lord, I am thine, for-ev-er thine,



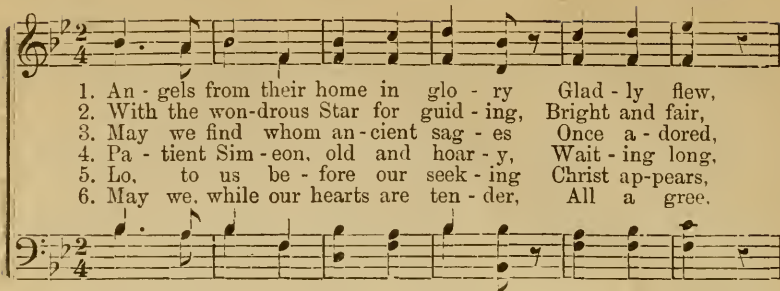
Purchas'd with thy blood di-vine; Oh, save me, Lord, for I am thine.



Christmas Hymn.

THOS. S. WEDDLE

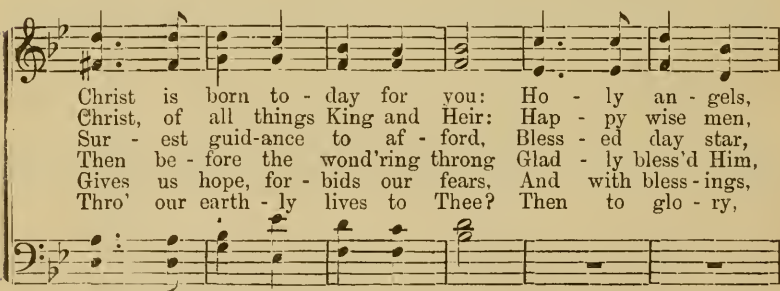
M. A. RUBLEE.



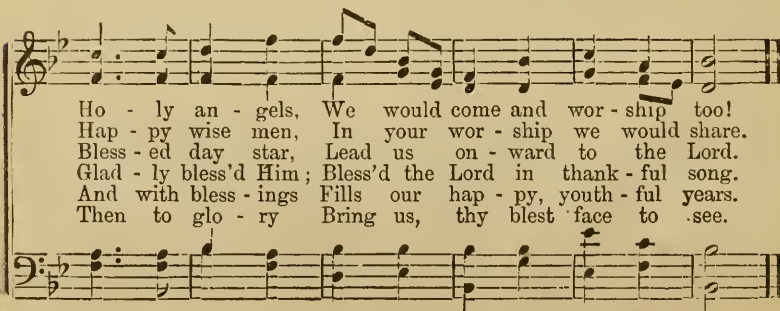
1. An - gels from their home in glo - ry Glad - ly flew,
 2. With the won-drous Star for guid-ing, Bright and fair,
 3. May we find whom an-cient sag - es Once a - dored,
 4. Pa - tient Sim-eon, old and hoar - y, Wait - ing long,
 5. Lo, to us be - fore our seek - ing Christ ap-pears,
 6. May we, while our hearts are ten - der, All a gree.



Glad - ly flew, Flew to tell the joy - ful sto - ry,
 Bright and fair, Wise men found on earth a - bid - ing,
 Once a - dored? All the Sav - ior's love en - gag - es
 Wait - ing long, Found at last the Lord of glo - ry,
 Christ ap - pears, Words of love and mer - cy speak-ing,
 All a - gree, Love and praise, O Lord, to ren - der,



Christ is born to - day for you: Ho - ly an - gels,
 Christ, of all things King and Heir: Hap - py wise men,
 Sur - est guid-ance to af - ford, Bless - ed day star,
 Then be - fore the wond'ring throng Glad - ly bless'd Him,
 Gives us hope, for - bids our fears, And with bless - ings,
 Thro' our earth - ly lives to Thee? Then to glo - ry,



Ho - ly an - gels, We would come and wor - ship too!
 Hap - py wise men, In your wor - ship we would share.
 Bless - ed day star, Lead us on - ward to the Lord.
 Glad - ly bless'd Him; Bless'd the Lord in thank - ful song.
 And with bless - ings Fills our hap - py, youth - ful years.
 Then to glo - ry Bring us, thy blest face to see.

Cheery Be.

29

M. S.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

1. Cheer-y be, Hap-py be, Glad and joy-ous all the day;
 2. If you will, You may fill, Oth-ers with the joy you bring:
 3. Look a - bove, There is love, Je - sus is the fount-ain head;

Shed thy light, Beaming bright, Like a sun - ny ray.
 As you go, You may show Where the wa-ters spring.
 At its brink, Deep-ly drink, Thirst no more, he said.

Chorus.

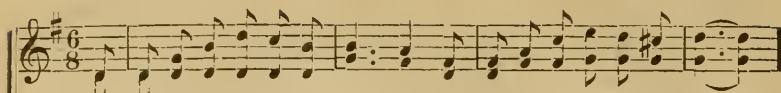
Tell the gladness you have found, Swell the prais-es all a-round;

Je - sus lives, and He loves, Such as you and me.

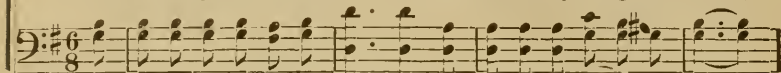
Oh, what are You Doing for Jesus?

Mrs. BELLE E. TOWNE.

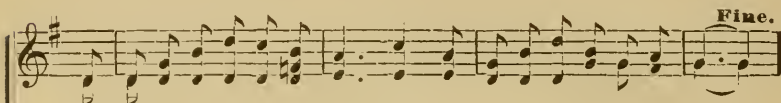
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



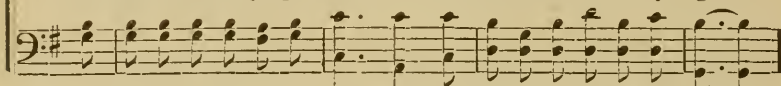
1. Oh, what are you doing for Je - sus? As time passes rap-id-ly on;
2. Oh, what are you doing for Je-sus? Some bark with the tide sweeps a-long;
3. Oh, what are you doing for Je - sus? No day but may bring in its train;



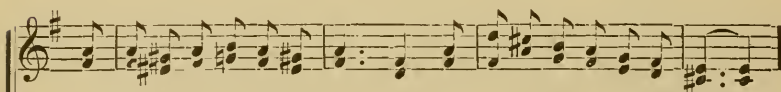
D. C. Oh, what are you doing for Je-sus? As time passes rap-id-ly on;



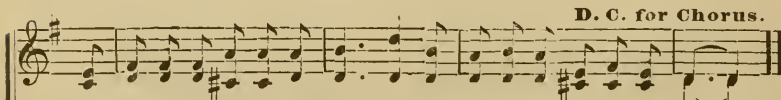
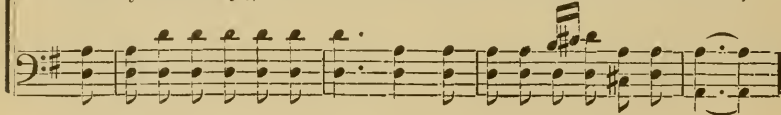
You reach to make use of the moments, But find to your grief they are gone!
No hand is put forth to im - pede it, E'en tho' it be drifting to wrong:
The means of our helping an-oth - er, To reach for e-ter-ni - ty's gain:



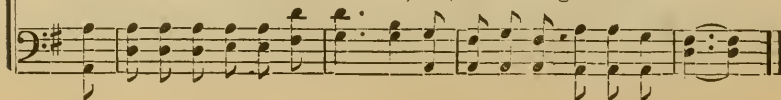
You reach to make use of the moments, But find to your grief they are gone!



Oh, what are you doing for Je-sus? The years seem but days as they fly;
The quicksands of life lie be - fore it, Who knows what may yet be its fate?
Yet, day af - ter day goes un - heed - ed, And each tells the same silent tale;



Yet, what is the tale they are bearing In haste to the records on high?
Thy voice, if sent o-ver the wa-ters, May save—if it be not *too late*.
When time for us all shall be end - ed, Ah, then no regrets will a - vail!



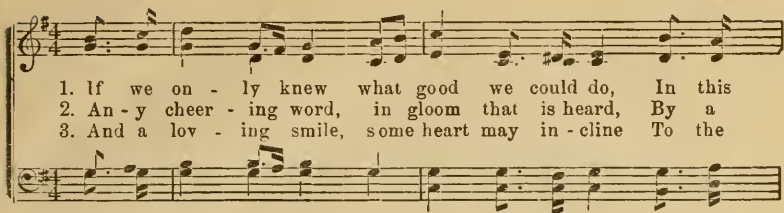
Do It To-Day.

31

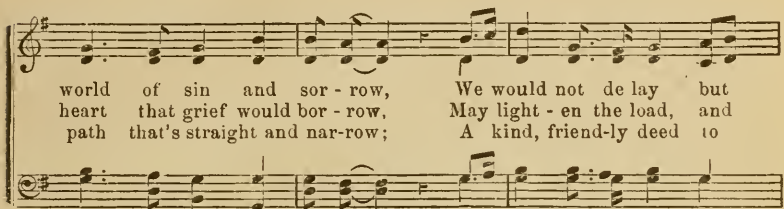
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—ECCLES. ix, 10.

O. D. SHERMAN.

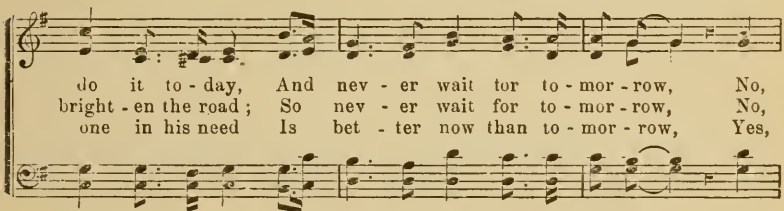
J. M. STILLMAN.



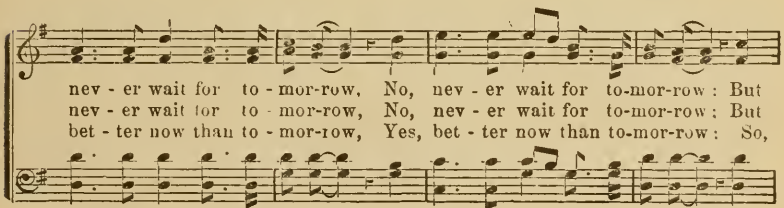
1. If we on - ly knew what good we could do, In this
 2. An - y cheer - ing word, in gloom that is heard, By a
 3. And a lov - ing smile, some heart may in - cline To the



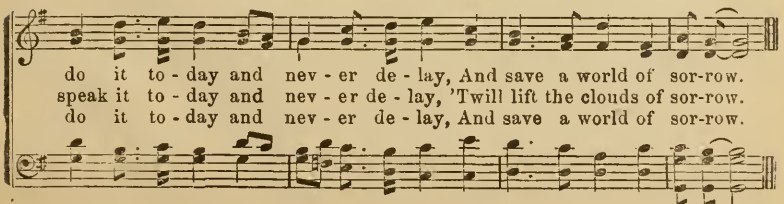
world of sin and sor - row, We would not de lay but
 heart that grief would bor - row, May light - en the load, and
 path that's straight and nar-row; A kind, friend-ly deed to



do it to - day, And nev - er wait tor to - mor - row, No,
 bright - en the road; So nev - er wait for to - mor - row, No,
 one in his need Is bet - ter now than to - mor - row, Yes,



nev - er wait for to - mor - row, No, nev - er wait for to-mor-row: But
 nev - er wait for to - mor - row, No, nev - er wait for to-mor-row: But
 bet - ter now than to - mor - row, Yes, bet - ter now than to-mor-row: So,

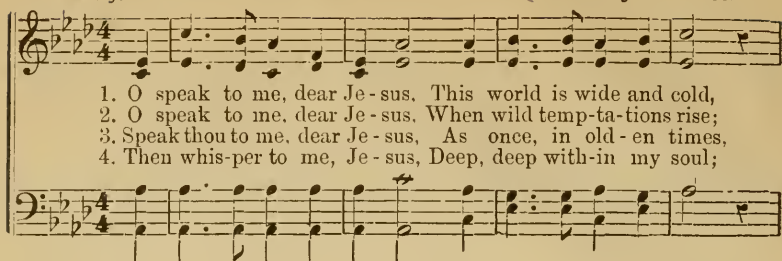


do it to - day and nev - er de - lay, And save a world of sor-row.
 speak it to - day and nev - er de - lay, 'Twill lift the clouds of sor-row.
 do it to - day and nev - er de - lay, And save a world of sor-row.

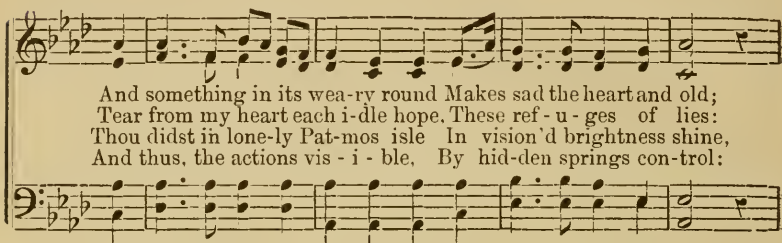
O Speak to Me Dear Jesus.

Mrs. J. STREET.

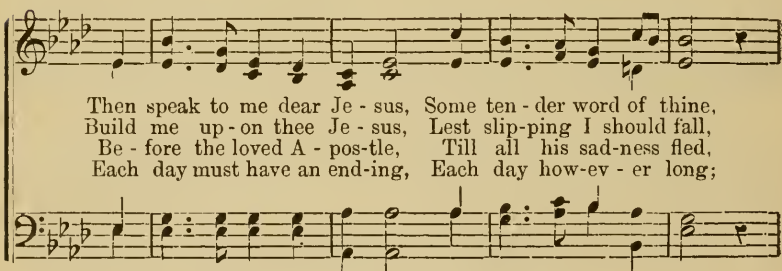
J. W. PRATT.



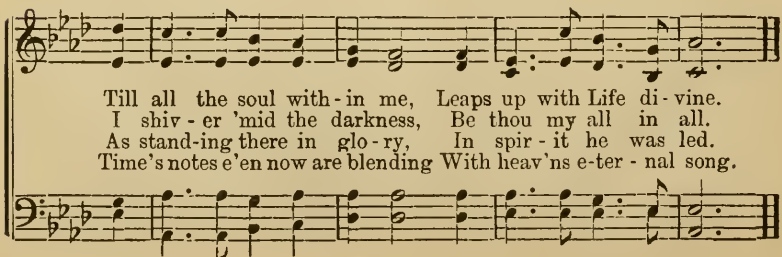
1. O speak to me, dear Je - sus, This world is wide and cold,
 2. O speak to me, dear Je - sus, When wild temp - ta - tions rise;
 3. Speak thou to me, dear Je - sus, As once, in old - en times,
 4. Then whis - per to me, Je - sus, Deep, deep with - in my soul;



And something in its wea - ry round Makes sad the heart and old;
 Tear from my heart each i - dle hope, These ref - u - ges of lies:
 Thou didst in lone - ly Pat - mos isle In vision'd brightness shine,
 And thus, the actions vis - i - ble, By hid - den springs con - trol:



Then speak to me dear Je - sus, Some ten - der word of thine,
 Build me up - on thee Je - sus, Lest slip - ping I should fall,
 Be - fore the loved A - pos - tle, Till all his sad - ness fled,
 Each day must have an end - ing, Each day how - ev - er long;



Till all the soul with - in me, Leaps up with Life di - vine.
 I shiv - er 'mid the darkness, Be thou my all in all.
 As stand - ing there in glo - ry, In spir - it he was led.
 Time's notes e'en now are blending With heav'n's e - ter - nal song.

Follow Me

33

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS

MARK VIII. 34

J. M. STILLMAN.

Not too slow.

1. Would you tru - ly fol - low Je - sus, You must watch the whole way thro'.

2. If your heart is fill'd with gladness, Ring it out and set it free;

3. You may be a liv - ing wit - ness, Let your ser - vice joy - ful be;

4. If, to prove your love to Je - sus You can not do all you would;

You must guard, as for the Mas - ter, Ev - 'ry - thing you say and do.

Tell to all the joy of Je - sus, Ev - er live that all may see.

Some perhaps that halt and lin - ger, May be watch - ing you and me.

He ac - cepts the smallest tri - bute, If you've done what - e'er you could.

Chorus.

Follow the Sav - ior ev'rywhere, Bearing the cross or wearing the crown;

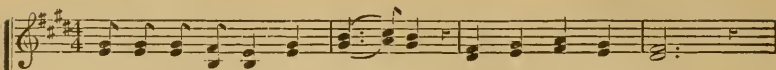
Follow him on tho' dangers frown, Follow the Sav - ior ev - 'ry - where.

Up Yonder.

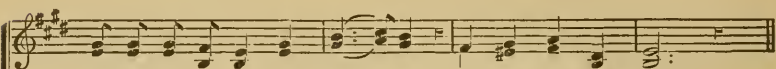
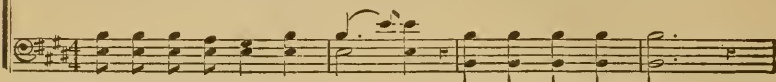
"In Thy light shall we see light."—PSA. xxxvi, 9.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

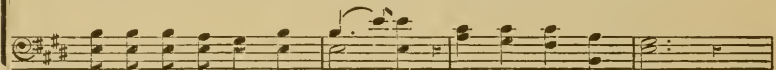
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



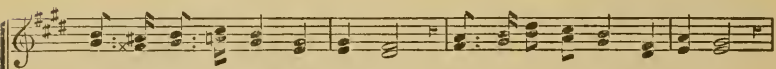
1. Tho' our pathway may be drea - ry, Yon - der there is light;
2. Nev - er then despair or won - der; On - ly day by day,
3. One has trod the steps be - fore us, Mark - ing all the way;



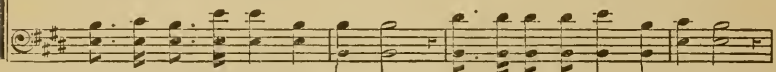
And a Hand when we are wea - ry, Reaching through the night.
As the darkness drifts a - sun - der, We shall find our way.
While his watchful care is o'er us, We need nev - er stray.



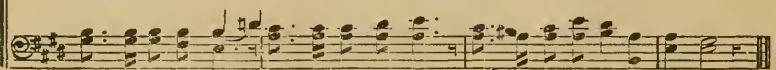
Chorus.



There are worlds of light up yonder, There is always light up yonder,



In the darkest night; There are worlds of light, If we lift our eyes up yonder.

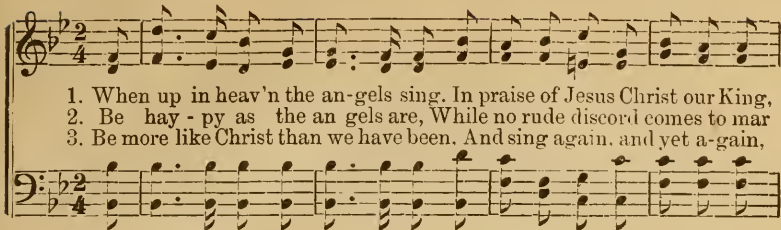


Happy Christmas Morning.

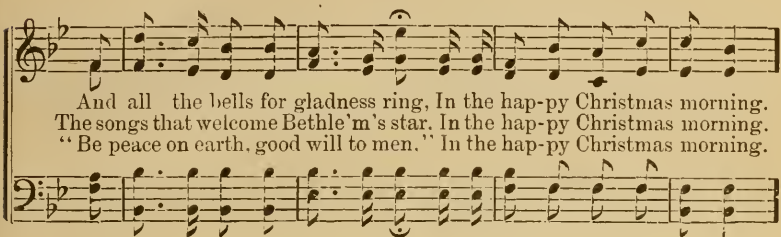
35

EBEN E. REXFORD.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

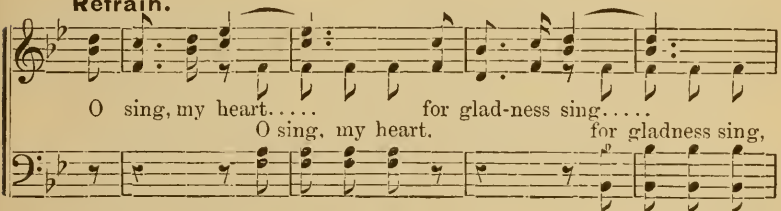


1. When up in heav'n the an-gels sing. In praise of Jesus Christ our King,
 2. Be hay - py as the an gels are, While no rude discord comes to mar
 3. Be more like Christ than we have been. And sing again, and yet a-gain,

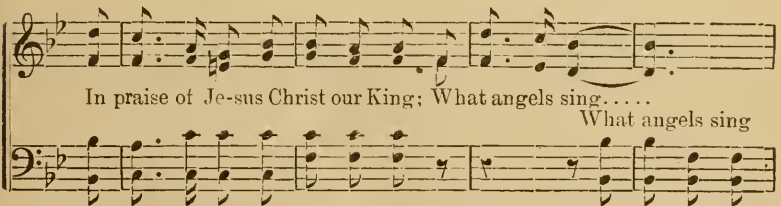


And all the bells for gladness ring, In the hap-py Christmas morning.
 The songs that welcome Bethle'm's star. In the hap-py Christmas morning.
 "Be peace on earth, good will to men." In the hap-py Christmas morning.

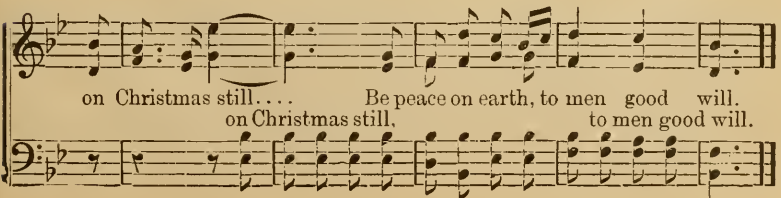
Refrain.



O sing, my heart..... for glad-ness sing.....
 O sing, my heart, for gladness sing,



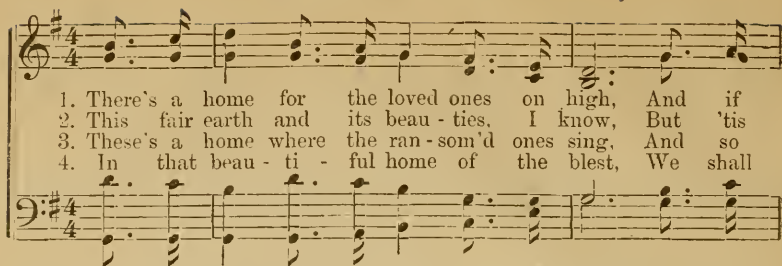
In praise of Je-sus Christ our King; What angels sing.....
 What angels sing



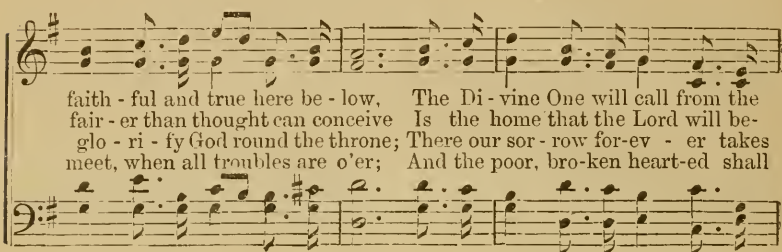
on Christmas still... Be peace on earth, to men good will.
 on Christmas still, to men good will.

Beautiful Home.

J. W. PRATT.

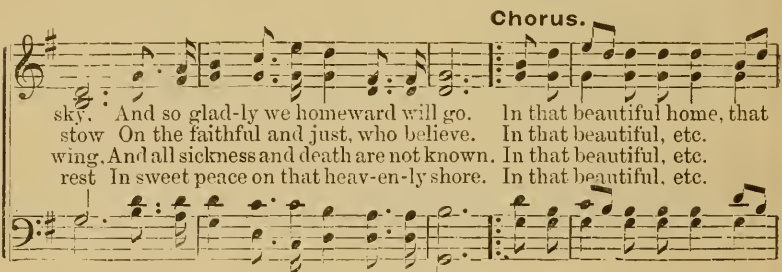


1. There's a home for the loved ones on high, And if
 2. This fair earth and its beau - ties, I know, But 'tis
 3. These's a home where the ran - som'd ones sing, And so
 4. In that beau - ti - ful home of the blest, We shall

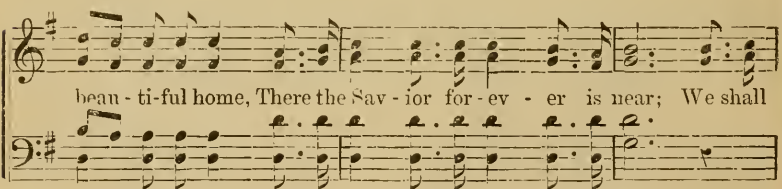


faith - ful and true here be - low, The Di - vine One will call from the
 fair - er than thought can conceive, Is the home that the Lord will be -
 glo - ri - fy God round the throne; There our sor - row for - ev - er takes
 meet, when all troubles are o'er; And the poor, bro - ken heart - ed shall

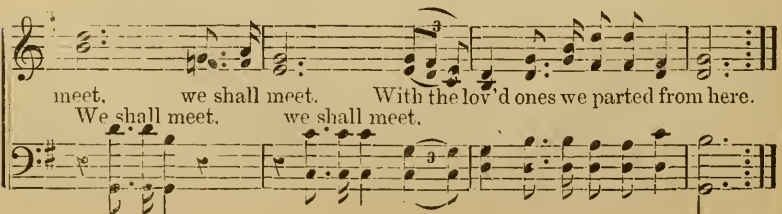
Chorus.



sky. And so glad - ly we homeward will go. In that beautiful home, that
 stow On the faithful and just, who believe. In that beautiful, etc.
 wing, And all sickness and death are not known. In that beautiful, etc.
 rest In sweet peace on that heav - en - ly shore. In that beautiful, etc.



beau - ti - ful home, There the Sav - ior for - ev - er is near; We shall



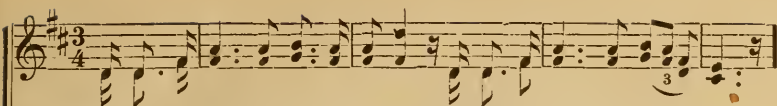
meet, we shall meet. With the lov'd ones we parted from here.
 We shall meet. we shall meet.

Our Country's Banner.

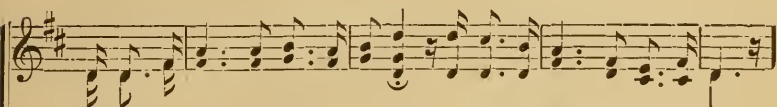
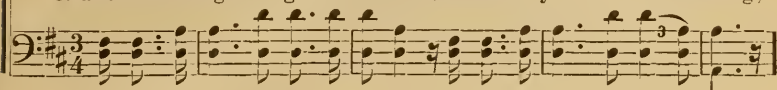
37

L. F. L.

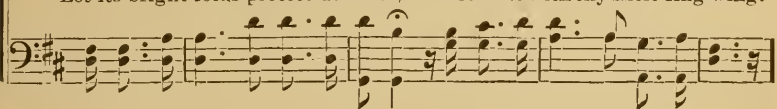
L. F. LINDSAY.



1. This is our country's cel-e-bra-tion, A hundred years has borne us on;
2. Columbia's hope is in her children, Its flag they'll bear thro' many a fight,
3. Then lift on high this glorious banner, Our country's God to thee we sing;



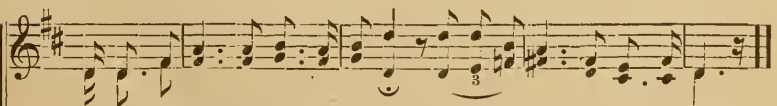
Freedom and God were its sal-va-tion, Its rock was Right, by this it won.
Till ev'ry nation learns its freedom, And serves our God with freedom's light.
Let its bright folds protect us ev-er, And cov'r it with thy shelt'ring wing.



Chorus.



Hurrah! hurrah! for our country's banner, Let its bright folds remain unfurl'd,



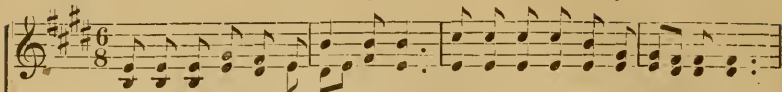
Till ev'ry nation learns the tidings, Freedom and truth for all the world.



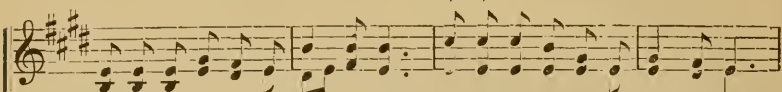
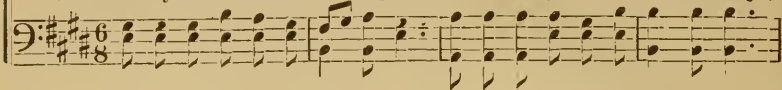
Thou Art My Helper.

Mrs. BELLE TOWNE. "The Lord is my Helper."—HEB. xiii. 6.

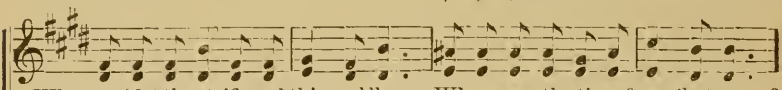
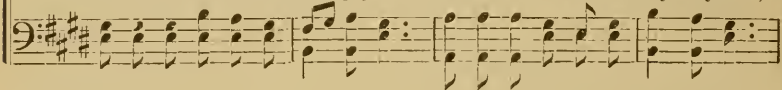
J. M. STILLMAN.



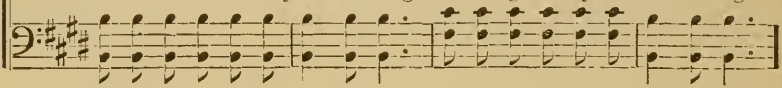
1. Mingling all day with the busy throng; Borne by the crowd in its haste along,
2. Stumbling so oft, and with weary pain, Struggling to rise, but to fall again;
3. Feeling so strong for the coming need, Proving at last but a broken reed;
4. Thou art my rock as the waves run high, Refuge and strength as the storms draw nigh;



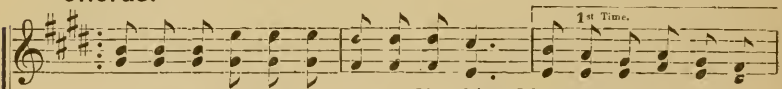
Trampled and bruised by the heedless feet, Weary and faint with the dust and heat,
 Making resolves with the morning light, Finding them naught with the shades of night;
 Longing at times for a wider sphere, Closing mine eye on some mission near;
 What tho' the flood with its angry beat, Rolls its dark waves at my very feet;



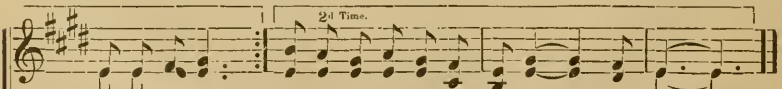
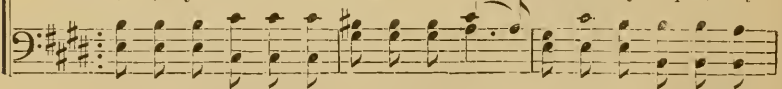
Where, midst the strife and this worldly care, Where was the time for a silent prayer?
 Cumber'd with care for the days to come, Where have I built for the heavenly home?
 Where is the life I had hoped to lead, Sowing for Thee of the heavenly seed?
 What tho' the clouds hide thy face from sight, Turning the day into darkest night?



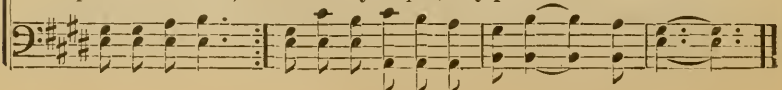
Chorus.



Still, oh, my Father, Thou knowest I'm thine, Thou art my helper, Thy



prom-is-es mine; Thou art my helper, Thy prom-is-es mine.



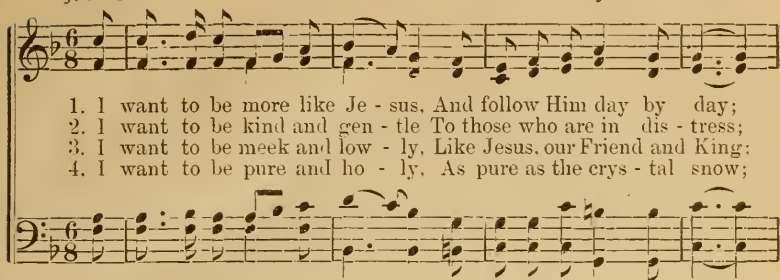
More Like Jesus,

39

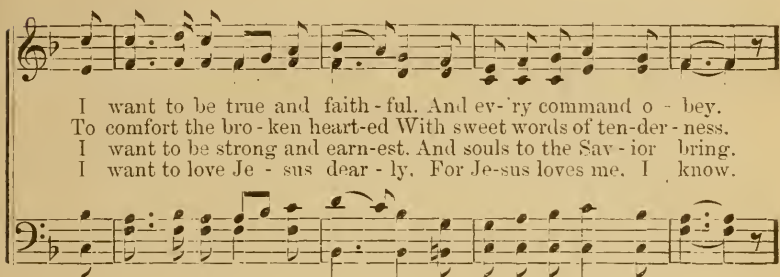
"But made like unto the Son of God, abiding a priest continually."—HEB. vii. 3.

J. M. S.

J. M. STILLMAN.

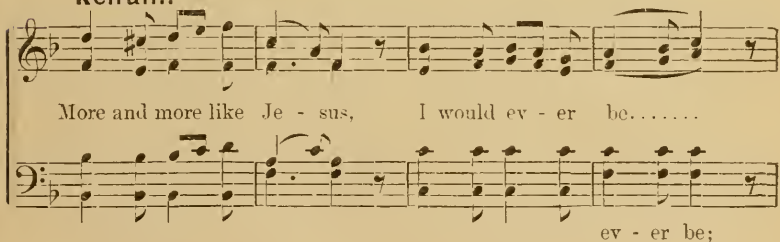


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And follow Him day by day;
 2. I want to be kind and gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
 3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Jesus, our Friend and King;
 4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

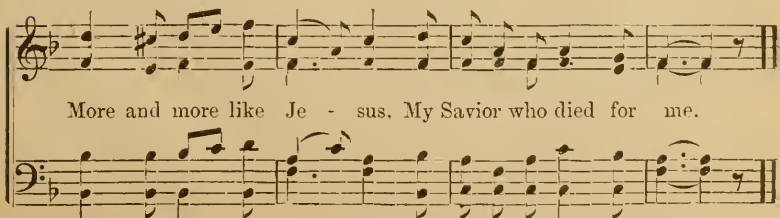


I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - ry command o - bey.
 To comfort the bro - ken heart - ed With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
 I want to be strong and earn - est, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
 I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

Refrain.



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be.....
 ev - er be;



More and more like Je - sus, My Savior who died for me.

Only Believe.

"He saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK V. 39

REV. L. F. COLE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Je - sus, the Wonderful, On - ly believe; Health to the sick he'll bring,
 2. Think how He loveth us, O precious soul; Think how He suffered that
 3. Think of Gethsemane's Thrice offered pray'r; Think, too, of Calvary's
 4. Oh, hear the Sa - vior plead, On - ly believe; Trust in his pow'r to save,

Losses retrieve; Hope to the pen - i - tent, Joy to the sorrow bent.
 We might be whole; Think of the bleeding brow. Think how he yearneth now.
 Cry of despair; Bent 'neath his Father's frown. Left by his lov'd and own,
 His hand receive; List to his pleading voice, Make now the better choice,

Chorus.

Peace to the ill-con - tent, On - ly be - lieve. On - ly believe, O soul,
 Trusting, be - fore him bow, O precious soul. On - ly believe, etc.
 There in his pangs to groan, Lift - ed in air. On - ly believe, etc.
 And you shall e'er rejoice, On - ly be - lieve. On - ly believe, etc.

On - ly be - lieve, Je - sus will make thee whole, On - ly be - lieve.

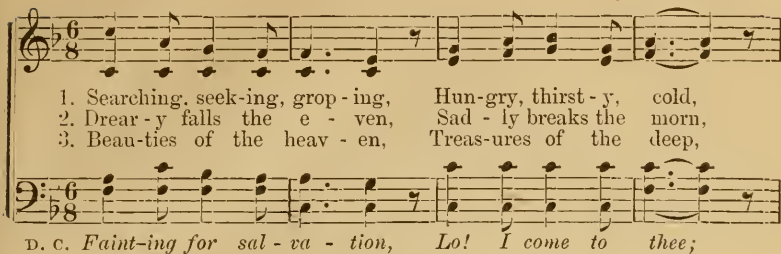
My Soul Fainteth.

41

'My soul fainteth for thy salvation: but I hope in thy word.'—PSA. cxix. 81.

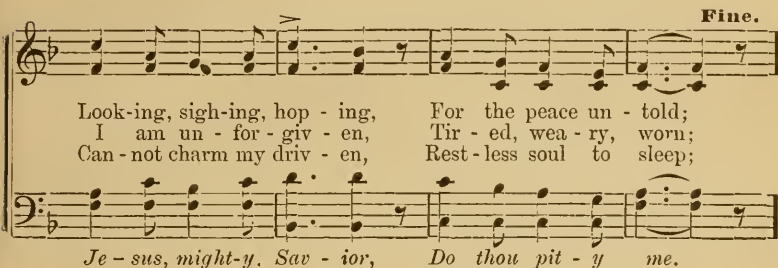
Rev. L. F. COLE.

J. M. STILLMAN.



1. Search-ing, seek-ing, grop-ing, Hun-gry, thirst-y, cold,
 2. Drear-y falls the e-ven, Sad-ly breaks the morn,
 3. Beau-ties of the heav-en, Treas-ures of the deep,

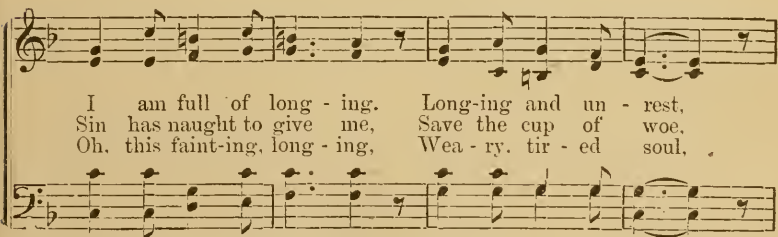
D. C. *Faint-ing for sal - va - tion, Lo! I come to thee;*



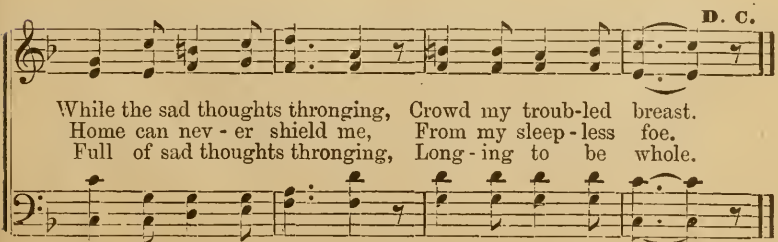
Fine.

Look-ing, sigh-ing, hop-ing, For the peace un - told;
 I am un - for - giv - en, Tir - ed, wea - ry, worn;
 Can - not charm my driv - en, Rest - less soul to sleep;

Je - sus, might-y. Sav - ior, Do thou pit - y me.



I am full of long-ing. Long-ing and un - rest,
 Sin has naught to give me, Save the cup of woe.
 Oh, this faint-ing, long-ing, Wea - ry, tir - ed soul,



D. C.

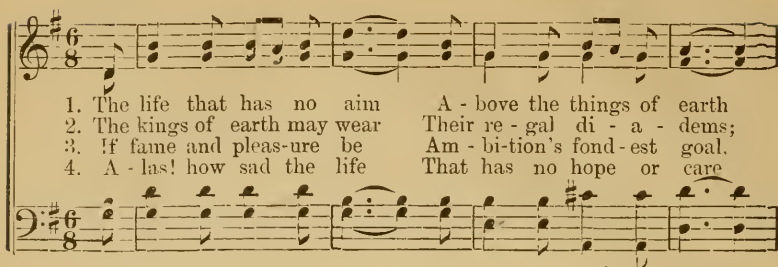
While the sad thoughts thronging, Crowd my troub-led breast.
 Home can nev - er shield me, From my sleep-less foe.
 Full of sad thoughts thronging, Long-ing to be whole.

My Crown of Righteousness.

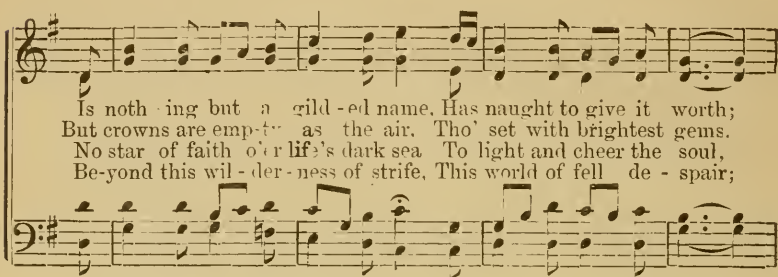
"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 TIM. iv. 8.

F. S. P.

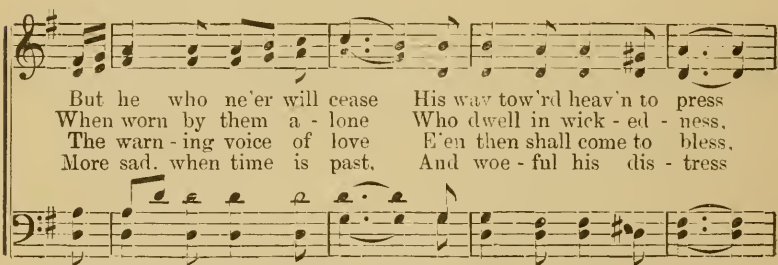
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



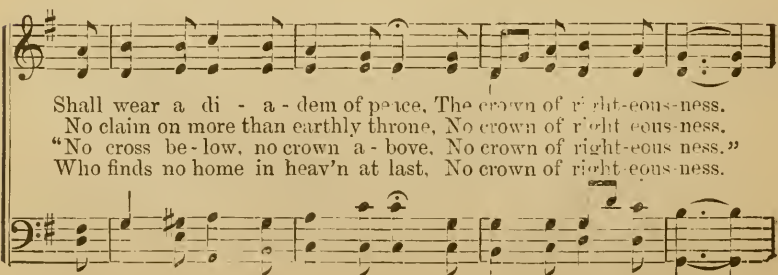
1. The life that has no aim A - bove the things of earth
 2. The kings of earth may wear Their re - gal di - a - dems;
 3. If fame and pleas-ure be Am - bi-tion's fond-est goal.
 4. A - las! how sad the life That has no hope or care



Is noth - ing but a gild - ed name, Has naught to give it worth;
 But crowns are emp - ty as the air, Tho' set with brightest gems.
 No star of faith o'er life's dark sea To light and cheer the soul,
 Be - yond this wil - der - ness of strife, This world of fell de - spair;



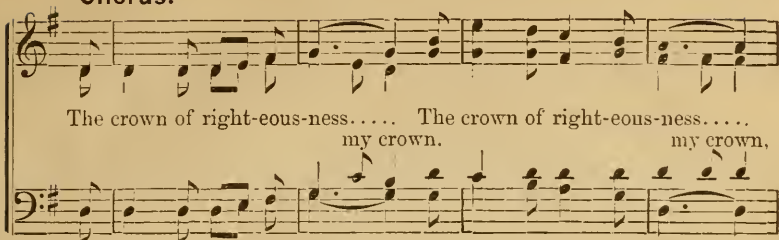
But he who ne'er will cease His way tow'rd heav'n to press
 When worn by them a - lone Who dwell in wick - ed - ness,
 The warn - ing voice of love E'en then shall come to bless,
 More sad, when time is past, And woe - ful his dis - tress



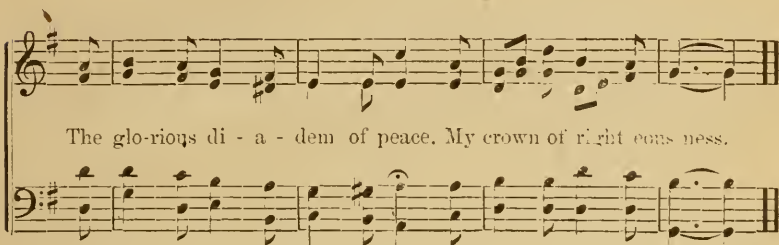
Shall wear a di - a - dem of peace, The crown of right-eous-ness.
 No claim on more than earthly throne, No crown of right-eous-ness.
 "No cross be - low, no crown a - bove, No crown of right-eous-ness."
 Who finds no home in heav'n at last, No crown of right-eous-ness.

My Crown of Righteousness---Concluded. 43

Chorus.



The crown of right-eous-ness.... The crown of right-eous-ness....
my crown, my crown,

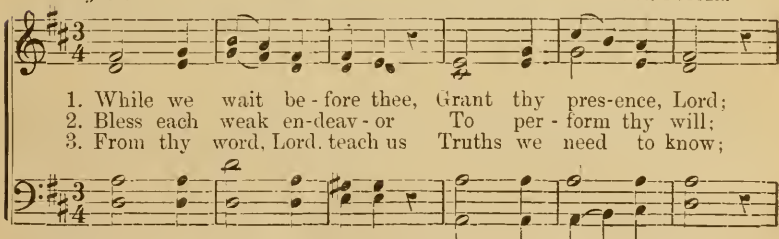


The glo-rious di - a - dem of peace. My crown of right eous ness.

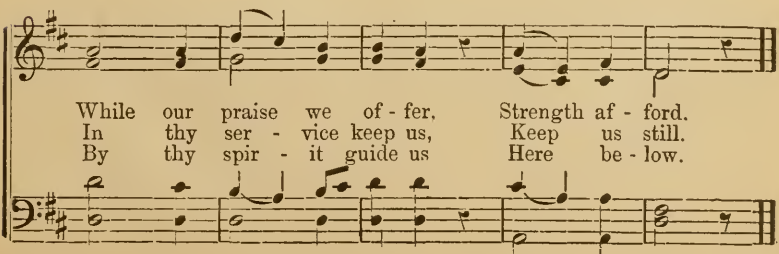
Invocation.

Legato.

W. R. POTTER.



1. While we wait be-fore thee, Grant thy pres-ence, Lord;
2. Bless each weak en-deav-or To per-form thy will;
3. From thy word, Lord, teach us Truths we need to know;

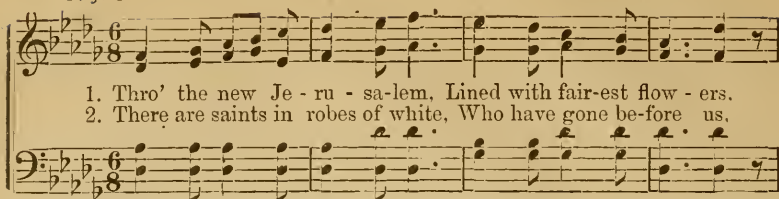


While our praise we of-fer, Strength af-ford.
In thy ser-vice keep us, Keep us still.
By thy spir-it guide us Here be-low.

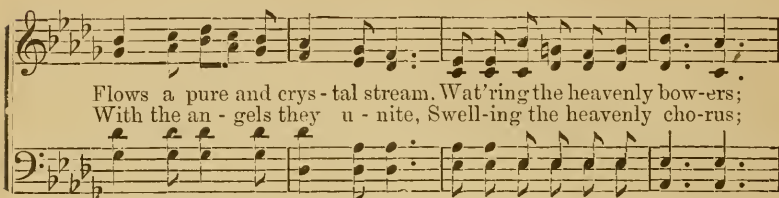
Close by the Beautiful River.

F. J. C.

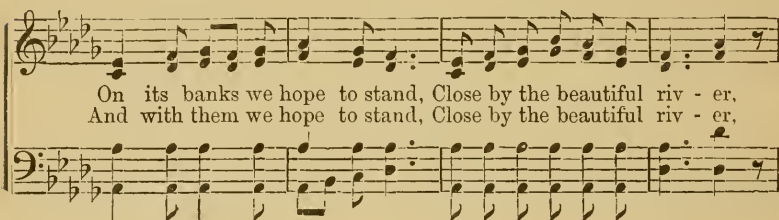
CARRIE A. VANEY.



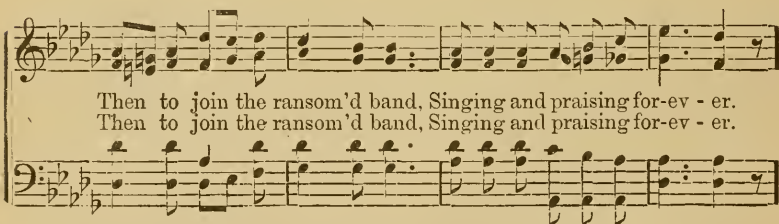
1. Thro' the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Lined with fair - est flow - ers.
2. There are saints in robes of white, Who have gone be - fore us,



Flows a pure and crys - tal stream. Wat'ring the heavenly bow - ers;
With the an - gels they u - nite, Swell - ing the heavenly cho - rus;

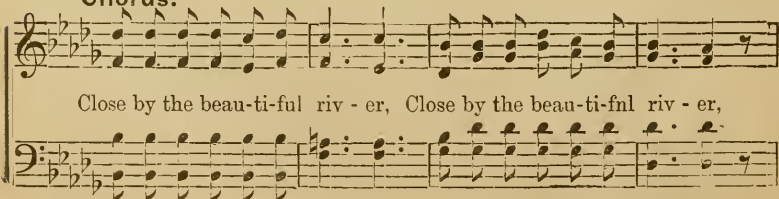


On its banks we hope to stand, Close by the beautiful riv - er,
And with them we hope to stand, Close by the beautiful riv - er,



Then to join the ransom'd band, Singing and praising for - ev - er.
Then to join the ransom'd band, Singing and praising for - ev - er.

Chorus.



Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

There to join the ransom'd band, Singing and praising for-ev - er.

God's Love.

From the "National Repository."

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Thy love has many a light-ed path, No out-ward eye can trace.
 2. There is no death for me to fear, For Christ my Lord hath died;
 3. My heart is fixed in God, my strength. My heart is strong to bear;

Fine.

And my heart sees thee in the deep, With darkness on its face,
 d. s. Com-munes with thee a-mid the storm, As in a se-cret place.
 There is no curse in this my pain, For he was cru-ci-fied;
 d. s. And it is fel-low-ship with him That keeps me near his side.
 I will be joy-ful in thy love, And peace-ful in thy care;
 d. s. Deal with me for my Sav-ior's sake, Ac-cord-ing to his prayer.

D. C.

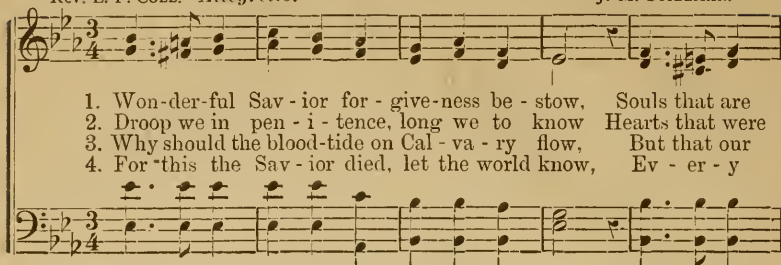
Com-munes with thee a - mid the storm. As in a se - cret place;
 And it is fel-low-ship with him That keeps me near his side,
 Deal with me for my Sav-ior's sake, Ac-cord-ing to his prayer

Scarlet Made White.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH i. 18.

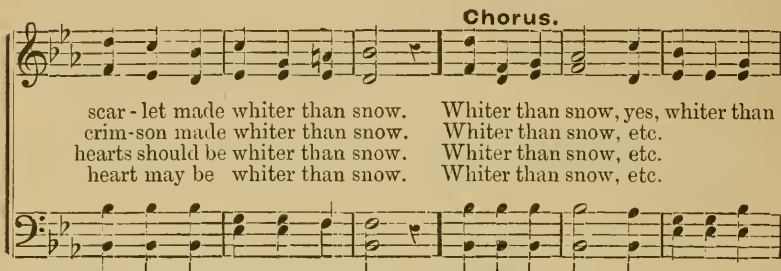
Rev. L. F. COLE. *Allegretto.*

J. M. STILLMAN.

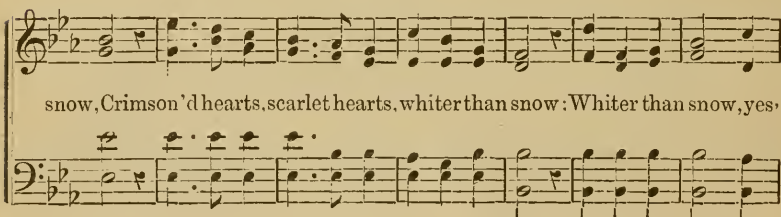


1. Won-der-ful Sav-ior for-give-ness be-stow, Souls that are
 2. Droop we in pen-i-tence, long we to know Hearts that were
 3. Why should the blood-tide on Cal-va-ry flow, But that our
 4. For this the Sav-ior died, let the world know, Ev-er-y


Chorus.



scar-let made whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
 crim-son made whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, etc.
 hearts should be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, etc.
 heart may be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, etc.



snow, Crimson'd hearts, scarlet hearts, whiter than snow: Whiter than snow, yes,



whiter than snow, Crimson'd hearts, scarlet hearts, whiter than snow.

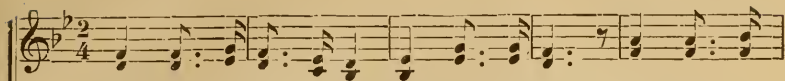
Come, Weary Wanderer.

47

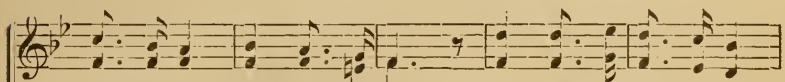
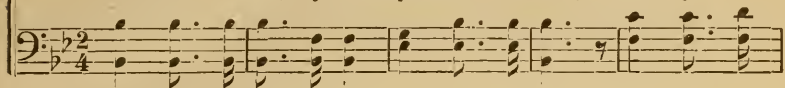
"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—PSA. lv, 22.

Rev. G. W. LLOYD.

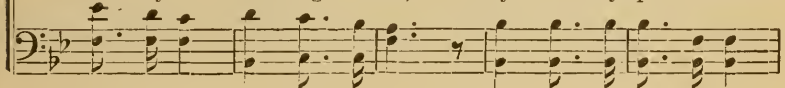
J. M. STILLMAN.



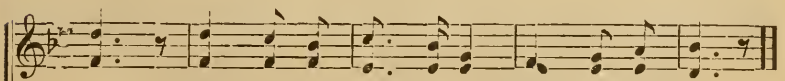
1. Come, wea-ry wan-der-er. Spent and distressed; Come, lean, O
2. List to his pleading voice, Cease thou to roam. Find in thy
3. La-den and toil-ing one, On Je-sus roll, Bur-dens thou
4. Bond slave of sin, thy Lord Speaketh to thee; Read-y to



tir-ed heart, On Je-sus' breast, Hear how he call-eth thee;
Sav-ior's love Ref-uge and home; False lights are lur-ing thee.
can'st not bear; Bring thou the whole, Sin, sorrow, care and dread,
free thy soul, Wait-ing is he; Why should thy spir-it faint?



Grieved for thy mis-er-y. Earn-est-ly, lov-ing-ly Of-fers thee
Dug-ers thou can'st not see; Come, safe and happy be, Come, wand'rer,
Bur-dens of heart and head, Lay down and take instead Rest for thy
He heareth thy complaint, Yield to his sweet constraint, Rise and be



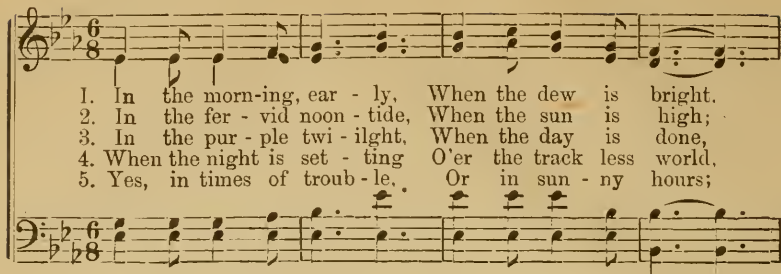
rest; Earn-est-ly, lov-ing-ly Of-fers thee rest.
come; Come, safe and hap-py be, Come, wand'rer, come.
soul; Lay down and take in-stead Rest for thy soul.
free; Yield to his sweet constraint, Rise and be free.



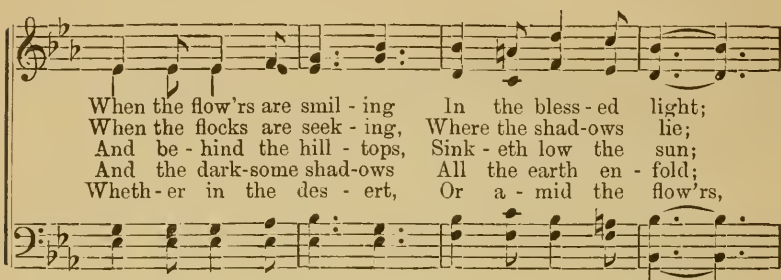
Little Children, Pray.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

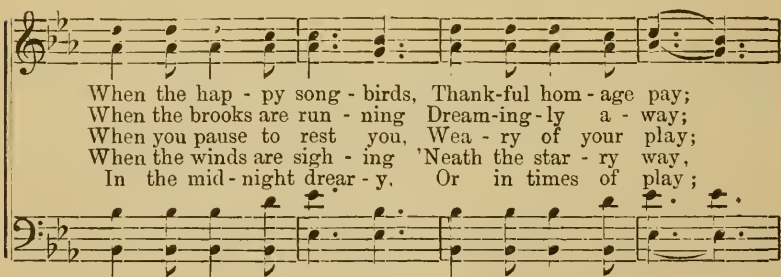
S. W. STRAUB.



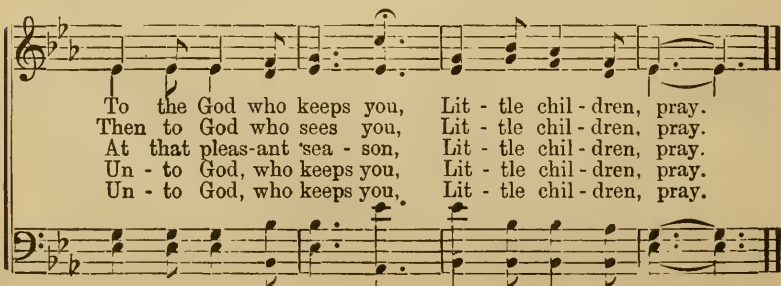
1. In the morn-ing, ear - ly, When the dew is bright.
 2. In the fer - vid noon - tide, When the sun is high;
 3. In the pur - ple twi - lght, When the day is done,
 4. When the night is set - ting O'er the track less world,
 5. Yes, in times of troub - le, Or in sun - ny hours;



When the flow'rs are smil - ing In the bless - ed light;
 When the flocks are seek - ing, Where the shad - ows lie;
 And be - hind the hill - tops, Sink - eth low the sun;
 And the dark - some shad - ows All the earth en - fold;
 Wheth - er in the des - ert, Or a - mid the flow'rs,



When the hap - py song - birds, Thank - ful hom - age pay;
 When the brooks are run - ning Dream - ing - ly a - way;
 When you pause to rest you, Wea - ry of your play;
 When the winds are sigh - ing 'Neath the star - ry way,
 In the mid - night drear - y, Or in times of play;



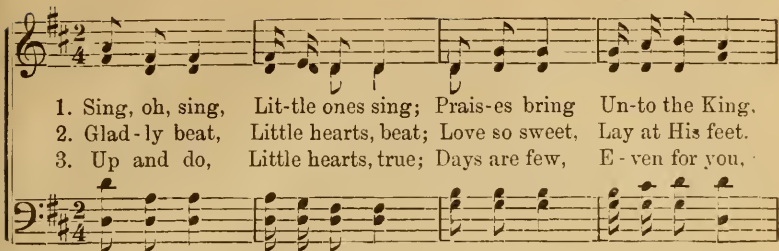
To the God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Then to God who sees you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 At that pleas - ant 'sea - son, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Un - to God, who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Un - to God, who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.

Sing to the King. (Infant Class.)

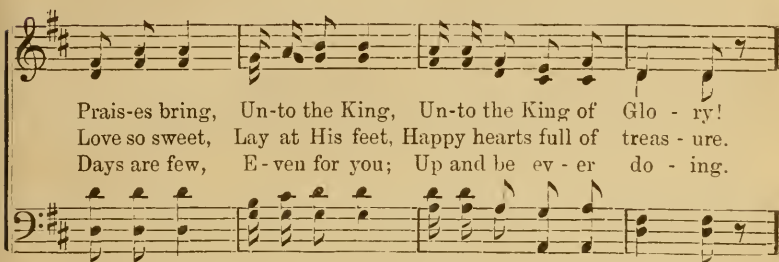
49

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

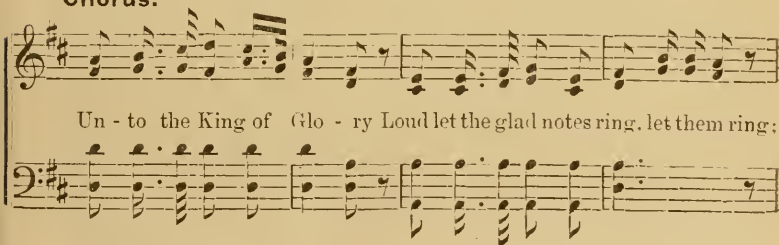


1. Sing, oh, sing, Lit-tle ones sing; Prais-es bring Un-to the King.
 2. Glad-ly beat, Little hearts, beat; Love so sweet, Lay at His feet.
 3. Up and do, Little hearts, true; Days are few, E-ven for you,

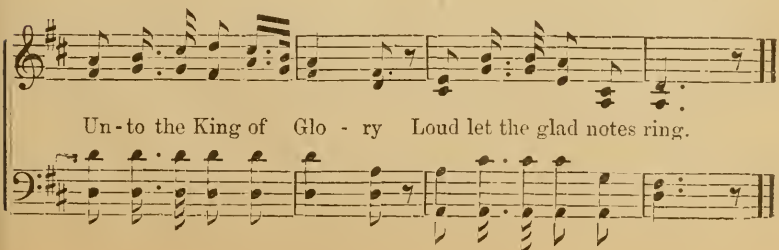


Prais-es bring, Un-to the King, Un-to the King of Glo - ry!
 Love so sweet, Lay at His feet, Happy hearts full of treas - ure.
 Days are few, E-ven for you; Up and be ev - er do - ing.

Chorus.



Un - to the King of Glo - ry Loud let the glad notes ring, let them ring;



Un-to the King of Glo - ry Loud let the glad notes ring.

Walk with Jesus.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

J. W. PRATT.

1. Children, let us walk with Je - sus. Walk beside him hand in hand;
2. If we now re-mem - ber Je - sus. If we strive to walk with him.

Let our light shine bright and bright-er. As we near the heav'nly land;
He will walk with us and lead us. When our eyes are old and dim;

Let our words be kind and gen-tle. Let our words be al-ways true.
He will guide us, safe-ly, sweet-ly. To our home be-yond the skies.

For the Sav-ior watch-es o'er us. Knowing all we say or do.
Where no waves of grief can touch us. Where no flow'r of beau-ty dies.

Chorus. walk

Let us walk, let us walk with Je - sus to-day. Let us

walk

walk

walk, let us walk with Je - sus to-day, Let us walk, let us walk with

The first system of musical notation for 'Walk with Jesus---Concluded.' It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The word 'walk' is written above the first measure of the treble staff. The lyrics 'walk, let us walk with Je - sus to-day, Let us walk, let us walk with' are written below the staves.

Je - sus to - day; He will lead us on our way.

The second system of musical notation for 'Walk with Jesus---Concluded.' It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Je - sus to - day; He will lead us on our way.' are written below the staves.

The Savior's Care.

M. F. V.

M. F. VARNEY.

1. Tho' I am but a lit tle child, The blessed Savior, meek and mild,
2. He hears me when I say my pray'r, And watches me with kindest care,
3. Then all my life I'll give to him, And try to shun the road to sin,
4. Then, Sav-ior be with me thro' life, And aid me in the world's fierce strife;

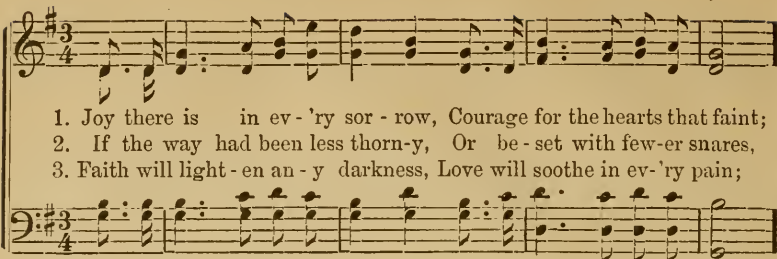
The first system of musical notation for 'The Savior's Care.' It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/8 time. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

From his bright home beyond the skies, Looks down on me with loving eyes.
He knows when I a wrong act do, It grieves him, and it grieves me, too.
And with his aid I'm sure to gain That world so free from care and pain.
Oh, guide my youthful steps a-right, To that fair home for-ev-er bright.

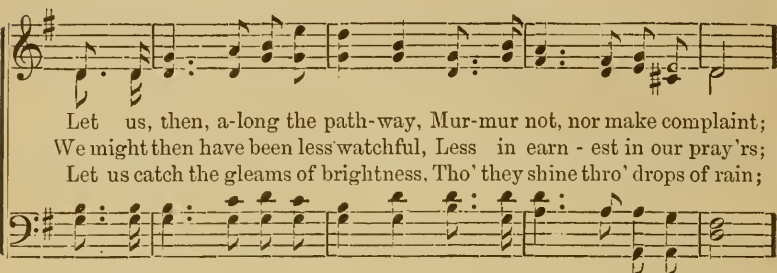
The second system of musical notation for 'The Savior's Care.' It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

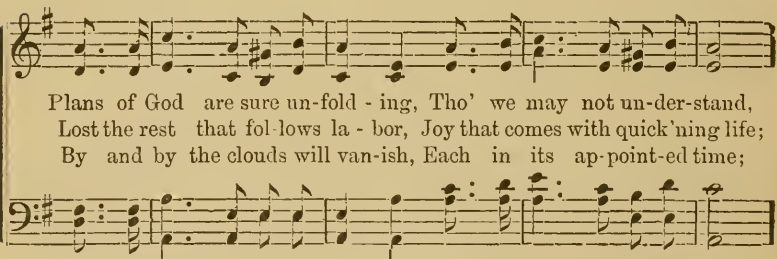
WM. F. SHERWIN. 1878.



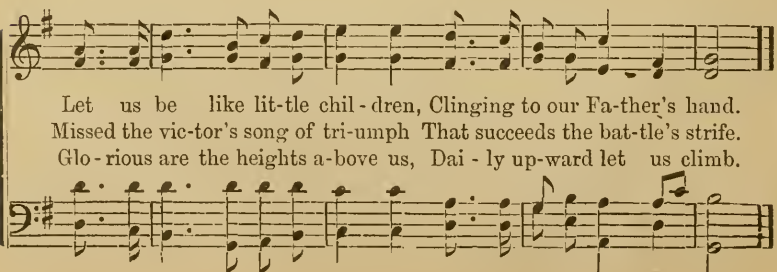
1. Joy there is in ev-'ry sor-row, Courage for the hearts that faint;
 2. If the way had been less thorn-y, Or be-set with few-er snares,
 3. Faith will light-en an-y darkness, Love will soothe in ev-'ry pain;



Let us, then, a-long the path-way, Mur-mur not, nor make complaint;
 We might then have been less watchful, Less in earn-est in our pray'rs;
 Let us catch the gleams of brightness, Tho' they shine thro' drops of rain;



Plans of God are sure un-fold-ing, Tho' we may not un-der-stand,
 Lost the rest that fol-lows la-bor, Joy that comes with quick'ning life;
 By and by the clouds will van-ish, Each in its ap-point-ed time;



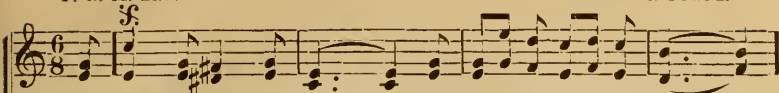
Let us be like lit-tle chil-dren, Clinging to our Fa-ther's hand.
 Missed the vic-tor's song of tri-umph That succeeds the bat-tle's strife.
 Glo-rious are the heights a-bove us, Dai-ly up-ward let us climb.

Children Obey Your Parents.

53

F. B. M. BROTHERSON.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

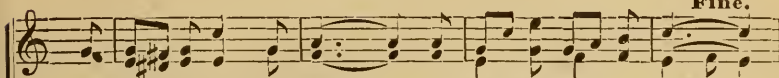


D. C. 1. This is the voice of God.... That to the chil-dren speaks...
 2. 'Twas spo-ken on the mount... To Mo-ses, and it came....
 3. When Je-sus came to earth... He was a lit-tle child....
 4. Oh, children, walk with Chrst... In du-ties' path he trod....



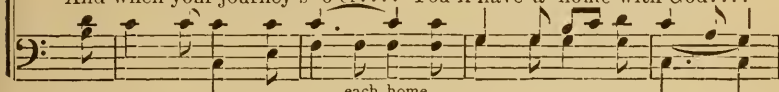
of God,
the mount,
to earth,
with Christ,

that speaks,
it came,
a child,
he trod,

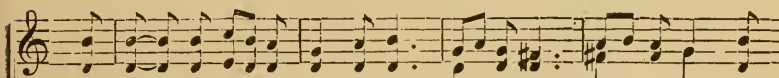


Fine.

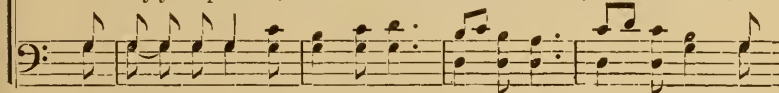
And in each earth-ly home... A will-ing ech-o seeks...
 On, on thro' clouds and smoke... Thro' trumpet and thro' flame...
 Who learn'd o-be-dience well... In ac-tions meek and mild...
 And when your journey's o'er... You'll have a home with God...



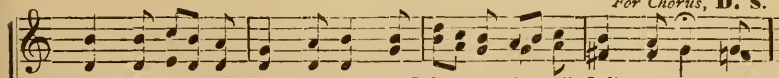
each home,
and smoke,
learn'd well,
is o'er,



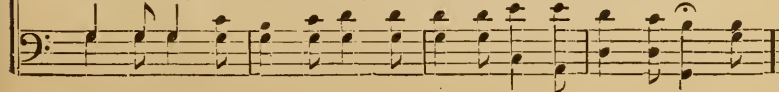
"O - bey your parents In the Lord. In the Lord, In the Lord," 'Tis
 "Honor thy parents." Saith the Lord, Saith the Lord, Saith the Lord; 'Tis
 "Honor thy parents," Saith the Lord, Saith the Lord, Saith the Lord; He
 "O - bey your parents," Saith the Lord, Saith the Lord, Saith the Lord, 'Tis



For Chorus, D. S.



God's own voice, 'Tis God's own word, 'Tis God's own voice, 'Tis God's own word. *This*
 God's own voice, 'Tis God's own word, 'Tis God's own voice, 'Tis God's own word.
 knew the voice, He heard the word, He knew the voice, He heard the word,
 his own voice, 'Tis his own word, 'Tis his own voice, 'Tis his own word.



Be Active.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—TIM. vi. 12.

LUTHER JANES.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Look ye, broth-ers, time is roll-ing, Roll-ing rap-id-ly a-way;
 2. Plant your standard firm and fearless, On the cit-a-del of might;
 3. Smiles to cheer the lone one's la-bor, Toiling o'er life's weary way;
 4. Car-ry glad-ness to the sighing, Give your strength to bear the lame;

Ves-per bells will soon be toll-ing, Tolling for the dy-ing day:
 Hard may seem the task and cheerless, But the promis'd crown is bright
 Bread to share with poorer neighbors, Hung'ring, starving, ev-'ry day:
 Whis-per com-fort to the dy-ing, Whisper softly Je-sus' name:

Rouse thee, com-rads, nerve for la-bor, In life's bat-tle, dare and do!
 Poor your-self, you have for others Wealth, you may not, must not keep.
 Go to hearts that pine and perish, Wipe the flow-ing tears a-way;
 Up some hill or down some val-ley, Seek the lost to guide a-right;

Boldly wield truth's gleaming sa-bre, Vanquish wrong and right pursue.
 Words of cheer for drooping brothers, Tears to shed with those who weep.
 Ev-'ry smit-ten spir-it nour-ish, Drooping sad-ly by the way.
 Hark! the bu-gle sounds the ral-ly, Gird you, com-rads, for the fight.

Chorus.

Hark! the bugle sounds the rally, Gird you, comrades, for the fight;

Hark! the bugle sounds the rally, Gird you for the fight.

Father, We Thank Thee!

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ing - ly? }
 Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Patient, kind in all you do: }
 2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee! }
 For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er and the rest. }

Chorus.

{ Love the Lord and do your part; } Fa - ther, we thank thee.
 { Learn to say with all your heart; }
 { For thy pre - cious, lov - ing care. } Fa - ther, etc.
 { For thy boun - ty ev - ry - where. }

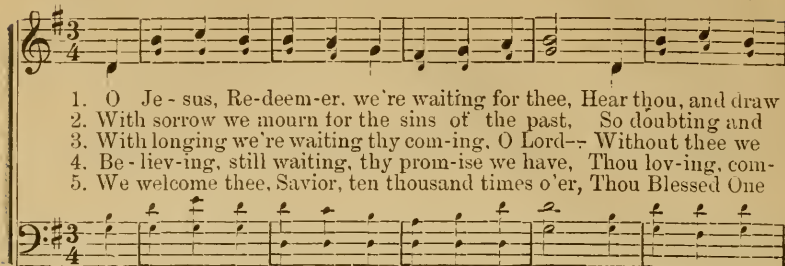
Fa - ther, we thank thee, Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank thee!

All Waiting for Him.

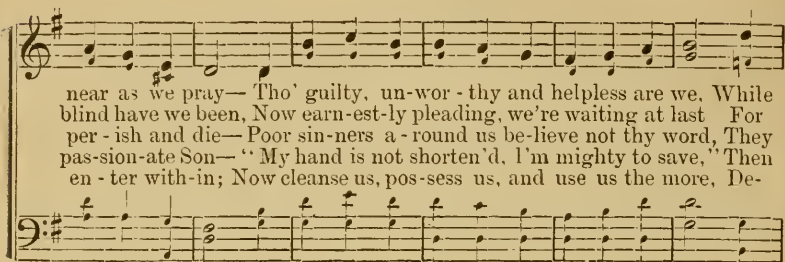
"When Jesus was returned, the people gladly received him: for they were all waiting for him."—LUKE viii. 40.

Rev. S. E. WISHARD.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

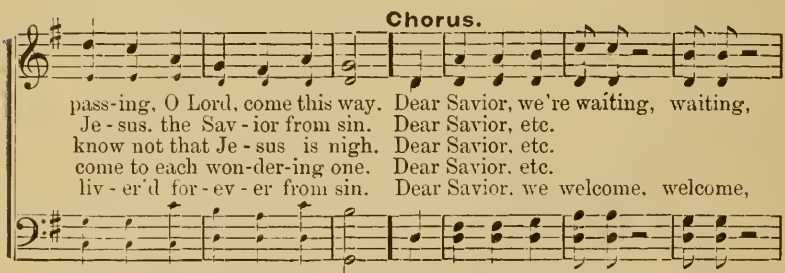


1. O Je - sus, Re-deem-er, we're waiting for thee, Hear thou, and draw
 2. With sorrow we mourn for the sins of the past, So doubting and
 3. With longing we're waiting thy com-ing. O Lord— Without thee we
 4. Be - liev-ing, still waiting, thy prom-ise we have, Thou lov-ing, com-
 5. We welcome thee, Savior, ten thousand times o'er, Thou Blessed One

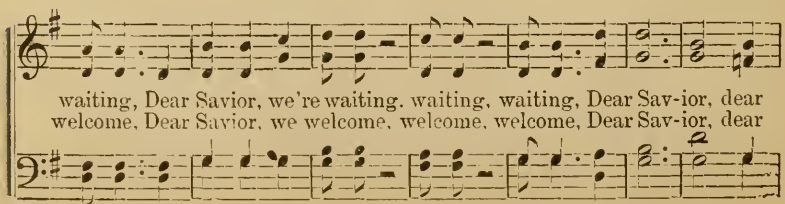


near as we pray— Tho' guilty, un-wor - thy and helpless are we, While
 blind have we been, Now earn-est-ly pleading, we're waiting at last For
 per - ish and die— Poor sin-ners a - round us be-lieve not thy word, They
 pas-sion-ate Son— "My hand is not shorten'd, I'm mighty to save," Then
 en - ter with-in; Now cleanse us, pos-sess us, and use us the more, De-

Chorus.

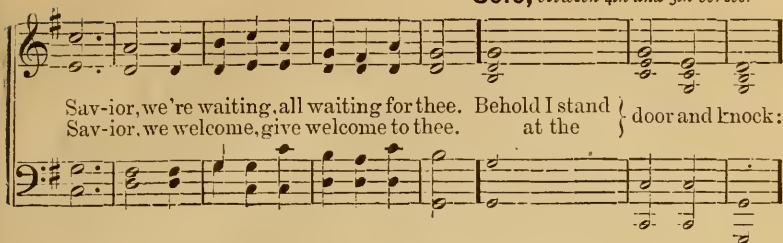


pass-ing, O Lord, come this way. Dear Savior, we're waiting, waiting,
 Je - sus, the Sav - ior from sin. Dear Savior, etc.
 know not that Je - sus is nigh. Dear Savior, etc.
 come to each won-der-ing one. Dear Savior, etc.
 liv - er'd for - ev - er from sin. Dear Savior, we welcome, welcome,

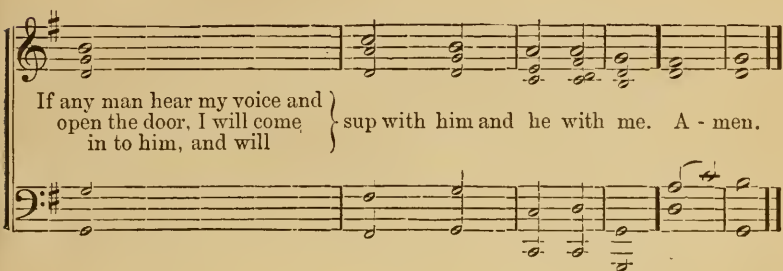


waiting, Dear Savior, we're waiting, waiting, waiting, Dear Sav-ior, dear
 welcome, Dear Savior, we welcome, welcome, welcome, Dear Sav-ior, dear

Solo, between 4th and 5th verses.



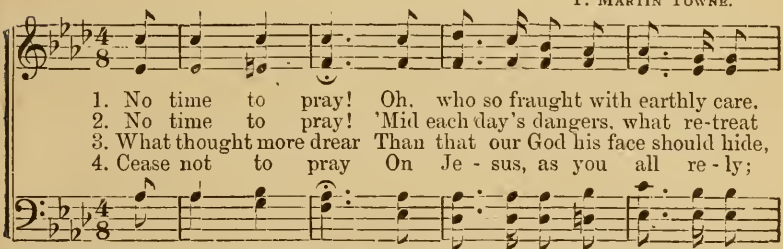
Sav-ior, we're waiting, all waiting for thee. Behold I stand }
Sav-ior, we welcome, give welcome to thee. at the } door and knock:



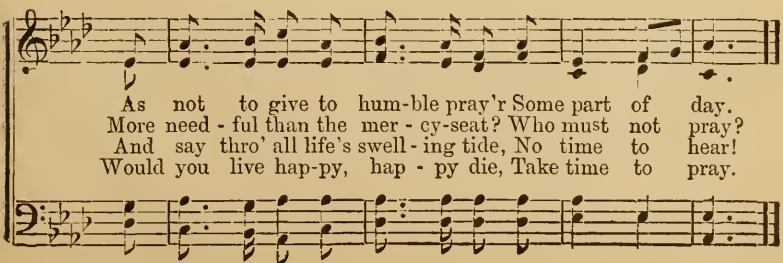
If any man hear my voice and }
open the door, I will come } sup with him and he with me. A - men.
in to him, and will

No Time to Pray.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. No time to pray! Oh, who so fraught with earthly care.
2. No time to pray! 'Mid each day's dangers, what re-treat
3. What thought more drear Than that our God his face should hide,
4. Cease not to pray On Je - sus, as you all re - ly;



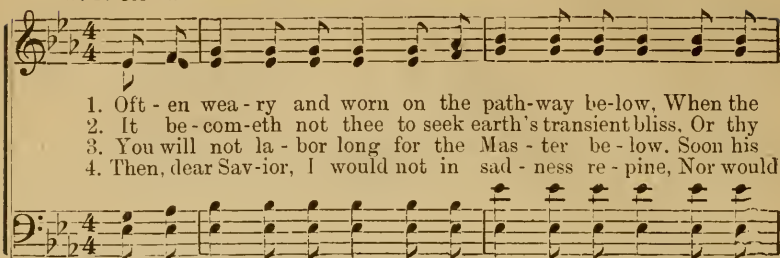
As not to give to hum-ble pray'r Some part of day.
More need - ful than the mer - cy-seat? Who must not pray?
And say thro' all life's swell - ing tide, No time to hear!
Would you live hap-py, hap - py die, Take time to pray.

Rest By and By.

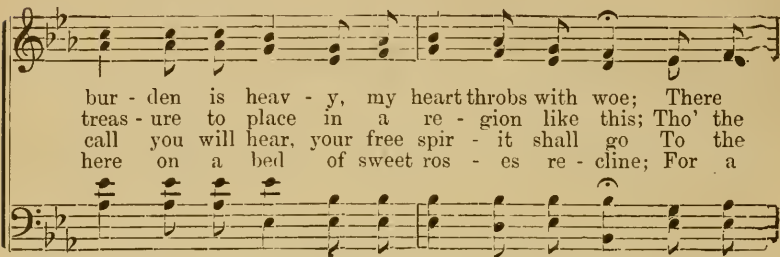
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. iv. 9.

W. F. COSNER.

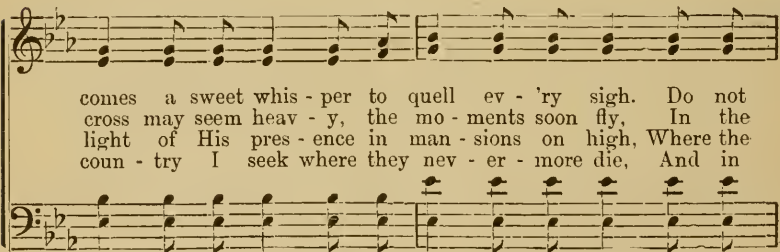
C. E. POLLOCK.



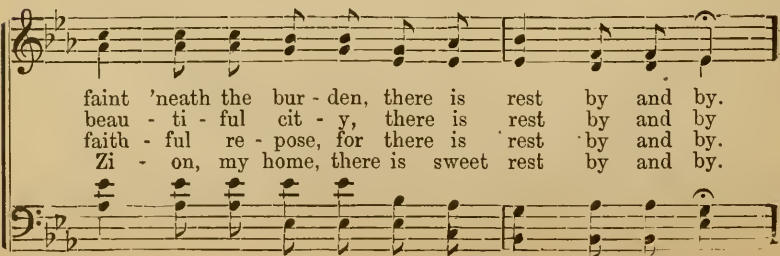
1. Oft - en wea - ry and worn on the path - way be - low, When the
 2. It be - com - eth not thee to seek earth's transient bliss, Or thy
 3. You will not la - bor long for the Mas - ter be - low. Soon his
 4. Then, dear Sav - ior, I would not in sad - ness re - pine, Nor would



bur - den is heav - y, my heart throbs with woe; There
 treas - ure to place in a re - gion like this; Tho' the
 call you will hear, your free spir - it shall go To the
 here on a bed of sweet ros - es re - cline; For a



comes a sweet whis - per to quell ev - 'ry sigh. Do not
 cross may seem heav - y, the mo - ments soon fly, In the
 light of His pres - ence in man - sions on high, Where the
 coun - try I seek where they nev - er - more die, And in

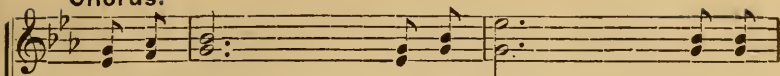


faint 'neath the bur - den, there is rest by and by.
 beau - ti - ful cit - y, there is rest by and by.
 faith - ful re - pose, for there is rest by and by.
 Zi - on, my home, there is sweet rest by and by.

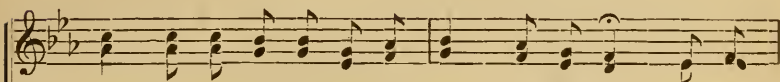
Rest By and By---Concluded.

59

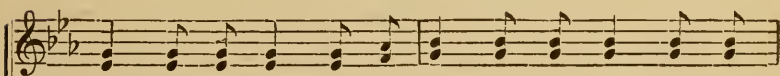
Chorus.



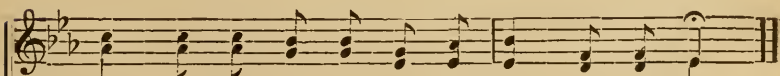
There is rest by and by, In the
There is rest by and by, there is rest by and by,



beau - ti - ful cit - y there is rest by and by; Where the



ran - som'd shall live with the Sav - ior on high, In the



beau - ti - ful cit - y there is rest by and by.

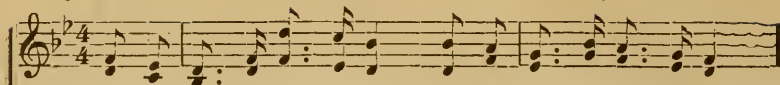


The Kingdom of God.

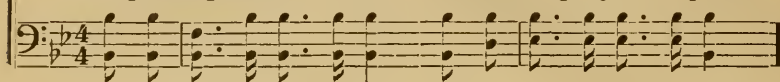
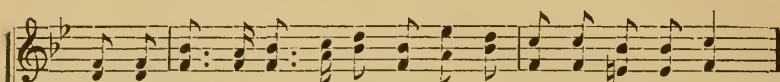
J. W. R.

DAN. ii. 36—45.

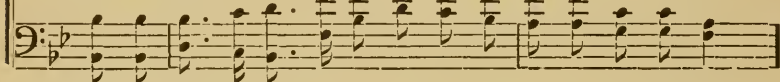

J. W. RUGGLES.



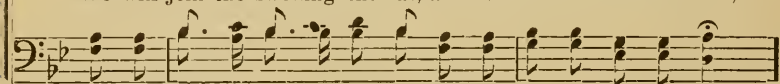
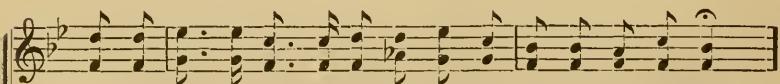
1. In the vis - ions of the night, God appeared, in days of old.
 2. He be - held, and lo! a stone rolling down from mountain's side,
 3. King of kings and Lord of lords! saints and an - gels join in praise,


To a king, who lost in slumber, dream'd of empires grand and vast,
 Crush'd the im - age in - to powder, and like chaff 'twas scatter'd far;
 Je - sus Christ, who hath redeem'd us un - to glo - ry ev - er - more;

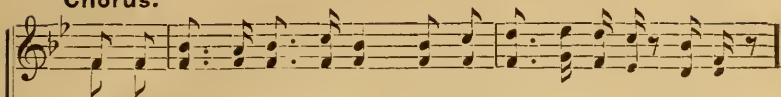
Till an im - age rose before him, hav - ing head of pur - est gold,
 And the stone, like mountain rising, filled the earth both far and wide,
 We will join the swelling cho - rus, and to heav'n an anthem raise,

While of brass and sil - ver, iron and clay, the oth - er parts were cast.
 Emblem that all kings and nations, homage give to Bethle'm's star.
 Till the king - dom of our God shall fill the earth from shore to shore.



Chorus.



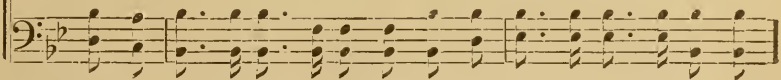
Oh, the kingdom of our God shall be vanquish'd, nev-er! nev-er!



But still on-ward o'er the na tions it shall roll in end-less sway;



And our glo - ri - ous Mes-si - ah, on his throne shall reign for-ev - er,



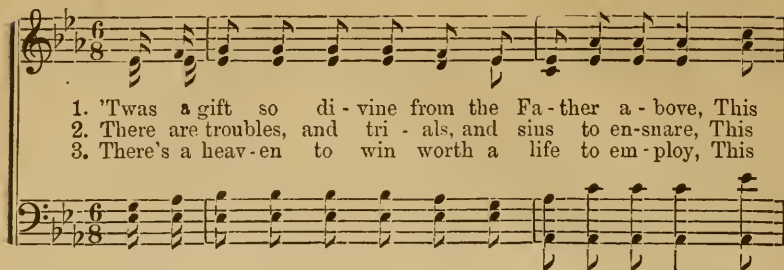
While the an-gel host with earth's redeem'd shall swell the joy-ful lay.



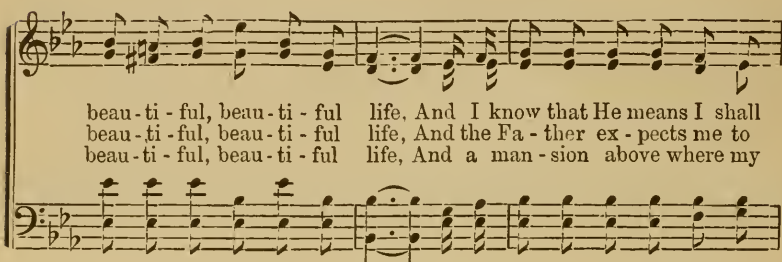
Beautiful, Beautiful Life.

ELLA McAFFERTY.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. 'Twas a gift so di - vine from the Fa - ther a - bove, This
 2. There are troubles, and tri - als, and sins to en-snare, This
 3. There's a heav-en to win worth a life to em-ploy, This

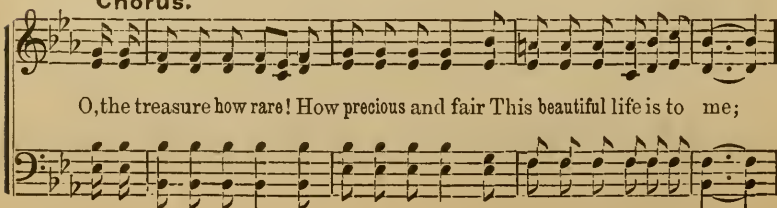


beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful life, And I know that He means I shall
 beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful life, And the Fa - ther ex - pects me to
 beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful life, And a man - sion above where my

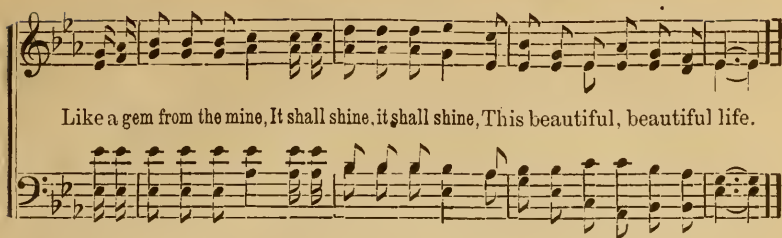


fill it with love, This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful life.
 guard it with care, This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful life.
 soul shall en - joy, That oth - er more beau - ti - ful life.

Chorus.



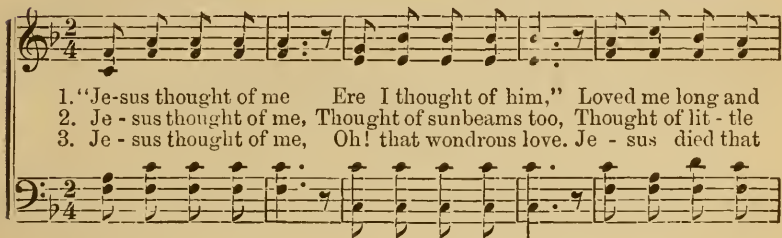
O, the treasure how rare! How precious and fair This beautiful life is to me;



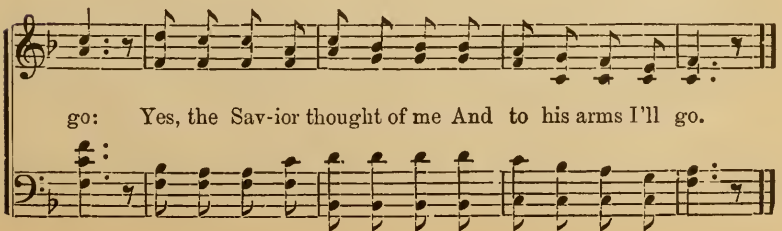
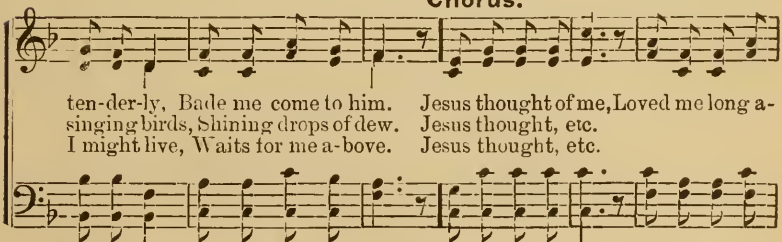
Jesus Thought of Me.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

J. M. STILLMAN.



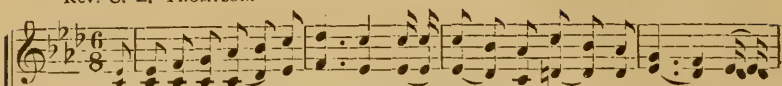
Chorus.



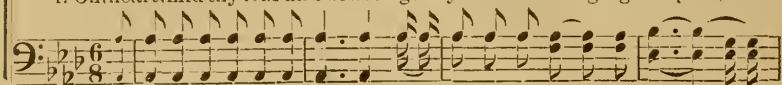
Has Jesus Forgotten to Call.

Rev. C. L. THOMPSON.

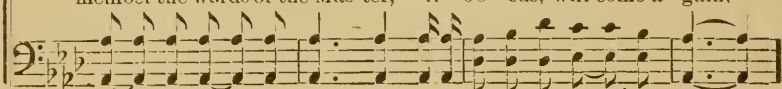
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



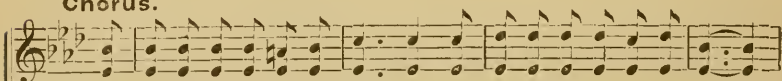
1. Tired the feet in the marching, For the road has been dark and long.
2. The crosses have scarr'd the shoulders, The tears have furrow'd the face; The
3. The dear ones are over the river. My home in heaven is full; And the
4. Oh, heart, mid thy fear and doubting, Thy homesick longing and pain, Re-



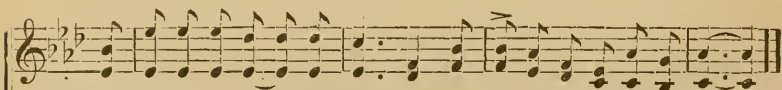
Weary the hands of the working, And weak the heart that was strong,
 eyes are dim with their watching, Times haggard and heavy pace.
 home be-low is emp-ty, And the lights burn dim and dull.
 member the words of the Mas-ter, I. Je-sus, will come a-gain,



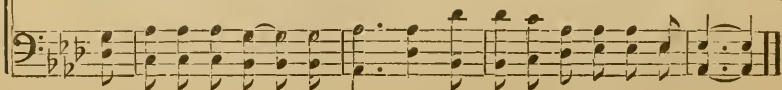
Chorus.



I wait for the coming of Je-sus, Mid shadows that gather and fall;
 Last v. I wait for the coming of Je-sus, Mid shadows that gather and fall;



And wonder, so weary of wait-ing, Has Je-sus for-got-ten to call.
 And know with ex-ult-ant rap-ture; My Sav-ior is coming to call.



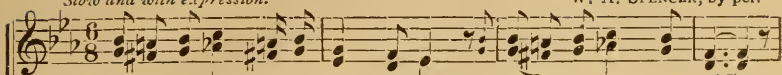
Decide To-Night.

65

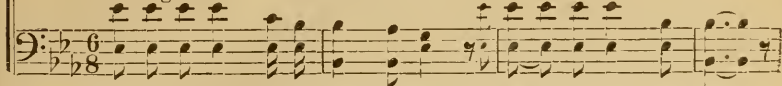
"How long halt ye?"—1 KINGS xviii. 21.

Slow and with expression.

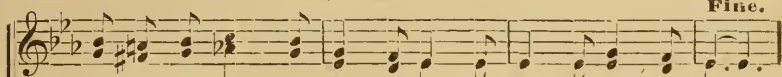
W. A. SPENCER, by per.



- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. Some go a-way from the house to-night, | Pu - ri-fied from sin: |
| 2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r, | Hard-en'd by de - lay. |
| 3. Some will go out from the house to-night, | Full of trust in God. |
| 4. Wait-ing a mo - ment more for thee, | Je - sus still en - treats; |

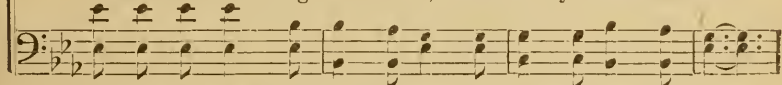


Chorus. Go-ing a-way from Christ to-night, A-way from his lov-ing care;

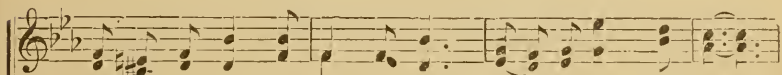


Fine.

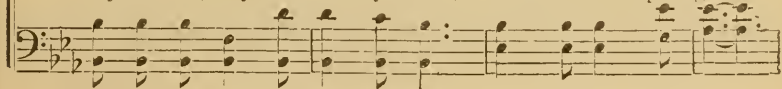
Oth - ers re-ject the pre-cious light, And go a - way un - clean:
Yielding to Sa - tan's lur-ing snare, Will hope-less turn a - way:
Hap-py in heart, made pure and white. By Je - sus' pre-cious blood:
Soon will the knock-ing end - ed be, That now thy closed hearts beats:



Go - ing a - way from bless-ed light, To darkness and de-spair.



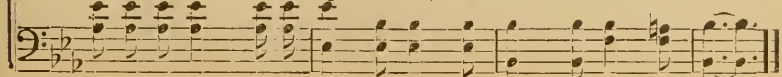
Lov-ing-ly still the Sav-ior stands,	Plead-ing with thy heart;
Nev-er-more shall the Spir-it plead	At the bolt-ed door;
Go not a - way, poor wand'rer, stay	Till thou too art free!
Stay, sin-ner, stay at Mer-cy's door,	Seek the o - pen 'gate:



D. C. for Chorus.



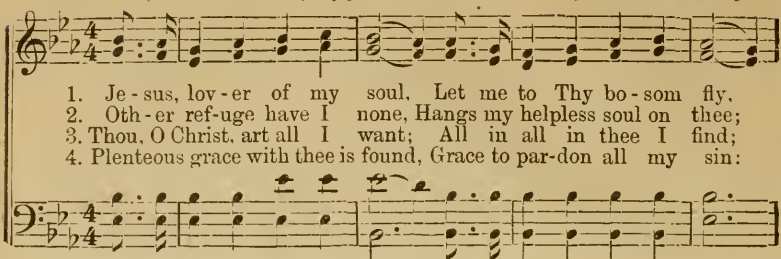
Patiently knocks with his bleeding hands, Un-will-ing to de - part.
Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev - er - more.
Walking with Christ life's hap-py way, Most bless-ed shalt thou be.
Sin-ner, de-cide lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.



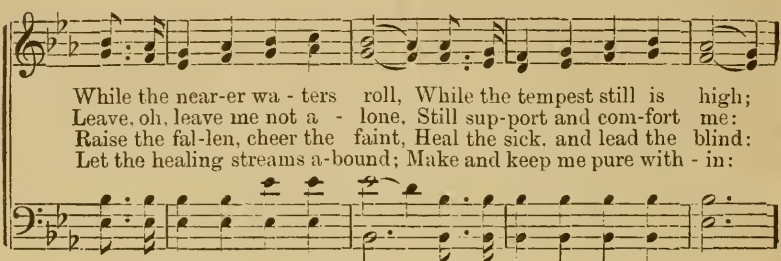
Jesus Lover of My Soul.

"Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us."
Ps. lxiⁱ 8.

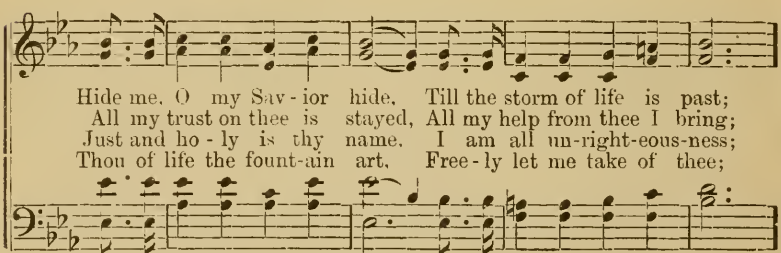
(From "The Cluster," by per. of O. DITSON & Co.) J. M. STILLMAN, 1863.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin:

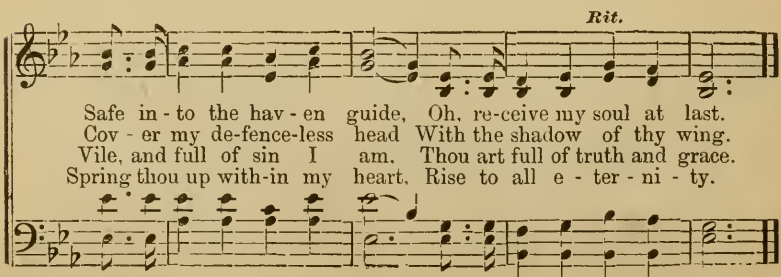


While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Let the healing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in:



Hide me, O my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

Rit.



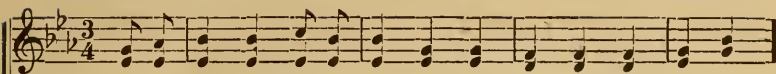
Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

How He Loves Us.

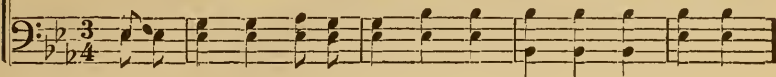
67

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS

M. A. RUBLEE.



1. How he loves us, Je - sus loves us, He loves lit - tle chil - dren;
2. How he loves us, and he calls us The lambs of his king - dom;
3. There are oth - ers, lit - tle children, Who know not our Je - sus,
4. If we lead them, if we lead them In love to the Sav - ior,



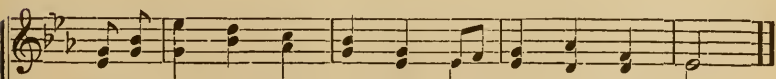
He has taught us, and has bought us. And made us his own.
How he feeds us, and he leads us The whole of the way.
We must tell them, we must tell them And bring them to him.
He will take us and will make us To shine as the stars.



Chorus.



We will love him for - ev - er, and leave him, no, nev - er;



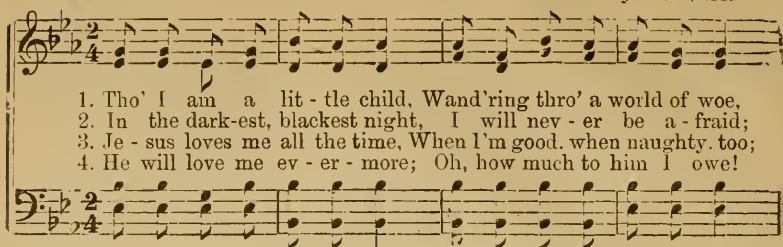
For his own he will take us and nev - er for sake



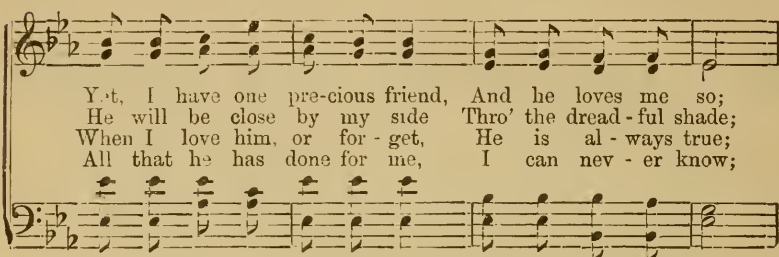
Jesus Loves Me So. (Infant Song.)

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

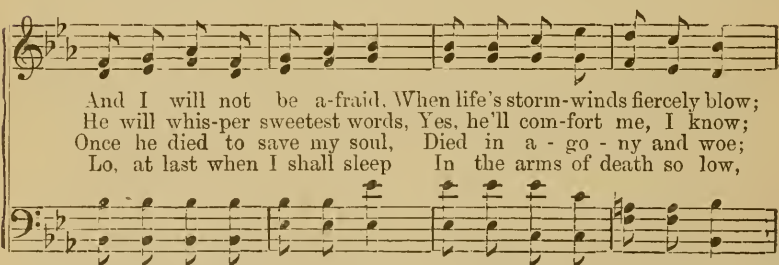
J. W. PRATT.



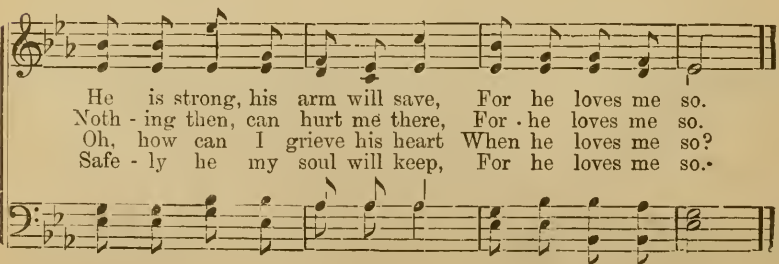
1. Tho' I am a lit - tle child, Wand'ring thro' a world of woe,
 2. In the dark-est, blackest night, I will nev - er be a - fraid;
 3. Je - sus loves me all the time, When I'm good, when naughty, too;
 4. He will love me ev - er - more; Oh, how much to him I owe!



Y-et, I have one pre-cious friend, And he loves me so;
 He will be close by my side Thro' the dread - ful shade;
 When I love him, or for - get, He is al - ways true;
 All that he has done for me, I can nev - er know;



And I will not be a-fraid, When life's storm-winds fiercely blow;
 He will whis-per sweetest words, Yes, he'll com-fort me, I know;
 Once he died to save my soul, Died in a - go - ny and woe;
 Lo, at last when I shall sleep In the arms of death so low,




He is strong, his arm will save, For he loves me so.
 Noth - ing then, can hurt me there, For he loves me so.
 Oh, how can I grieve his heart When he loves me so?
 Safe - ly he my soul will keep, For he loves me so.

Glad and free.

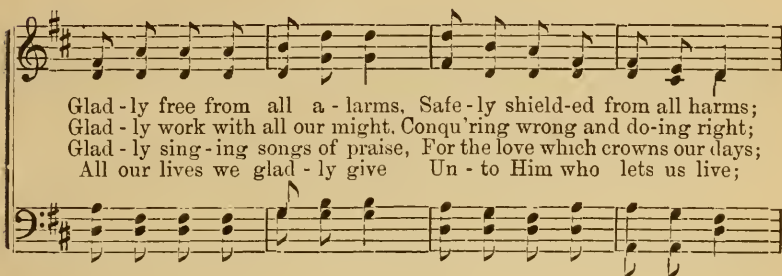
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Rev. A. A. Hoskin.

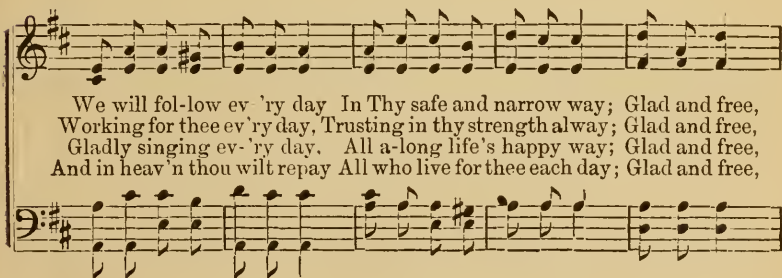
J. M. Stillman.



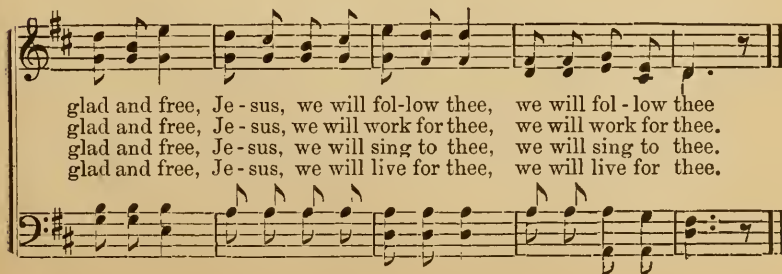
1. Glad and free, glad and free, Je - sus, we will fol - low thee;
 2. Glad and free, glad and free, Je - sus, we will work for thee;
 3. Glad and free, glad and free, Je - sus, we will sing to thee;
 4. Glad and free, glad and free, Je - sus, we will live for thee;



Glad - ly free from all a - larms. Safe - ly shield - ed from all harms;
 Glad - ly work with all our might. Conqu'ring wrong and do - ing right;
 Glad - ly sing - ing songs of praise, For the love which crowns our days;
 All our lives we glad - ly give Un - to Him who lets us live;



We will fol - low ev'ry day In Thy safe and narrow way; Glad and free,
 Working for thee ev'ry day, Trusting in thy strength alway; Glad and free,
 Gladly singing ev'ry day, All a - long life's happy way; Glad and free,
 And in heav'n thou wilt repay All who live for thee each day; Glad and free,

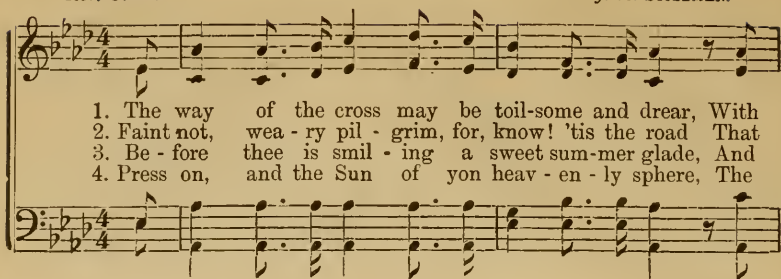


glad and free, Je - sus, we will fol - low thee, we will fol - low thee
 glad and free, Je - sus, we will work for thee, we will work for thee.
 glad and free, Je - sus, we will sing to thee, we will sing to thee.
 glad and free, Je - sus, we will live for thee, we will live for thee.

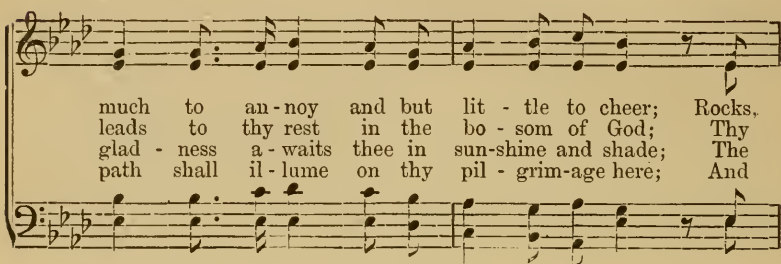
The Way of the Cross.

Rev. G. W. LLOYD.

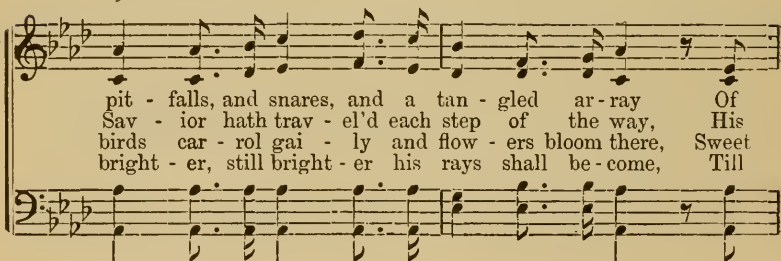
J. M. STILLMAN.



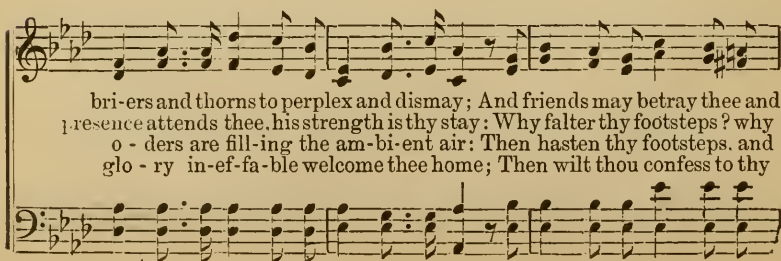
1. The way of the cross may be toil-some and drear, With
 2. Faint not, wea-ry pil-grim, for, know! 'tis the road That
 3. Be-fore thee is smil-ing a sweet sum-mer glade, And
 4. Press on, and the Sun of yon heav-en-ly sphere, The



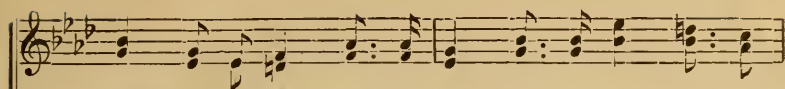
much to an-joy and but lit-tle to cheer; Rocks,
 leads to thy rest in the bo-som of God; Thy
 glad-ness a-waits thee in sun-shine and shade; The
 path shall il-lume on thy pil-grim-age here; And



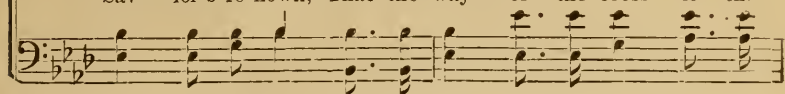
pit-falls, and snares, and a tan-gled ar-ray Of
 Sav-ior hath trav-el'd each step of the way, His
 birds car-rol gai-ly and flow-ers bloom there, Sweet
 bright-er, still bright-er his rays shall be-come, Till



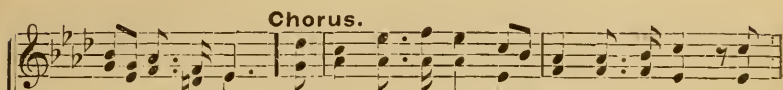
bri-ers and thorns to perplex and dismay; And friends may betray thee and
 presence attends thee, his strength is thy stay: Why falter thy footsteps? why
 o-ders are fill-ing the am-bi-ent air: Then hasten thy footsteps, and
 glo-ry in-ef-fa-ble welcome thee home; Then wilt thou confess to thy



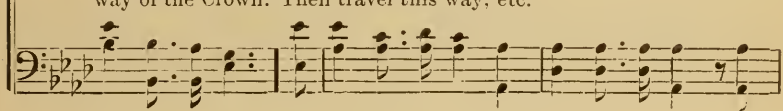
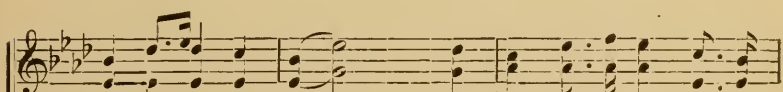
en - e-mies frown; But the way of the Cross is the
 art thou cast down? When the way of the Cross is the
 soon thou shalt own That it is not all toil on the
 Sav - ior's re-nown, That the way of the Cross is the



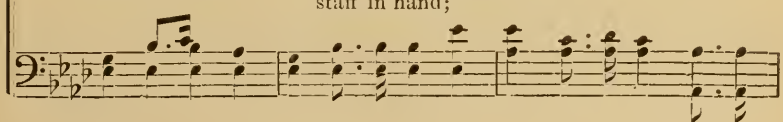
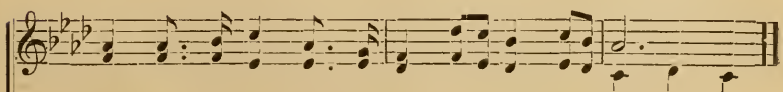
Chorus.



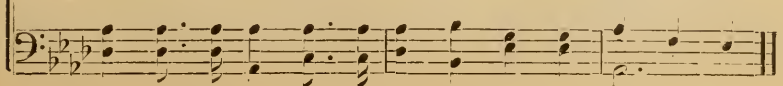
way of the Crown. Then travel this way, by night and by day, With
 way of the Crown. Then travel this way, etc.
 way to the Crown. Then travel this way, etc.
 way of the Crown. Then travel this way, etc.

pilgrim's staff in hand; . Though rug - ged it be, yet it
 staff in hand;

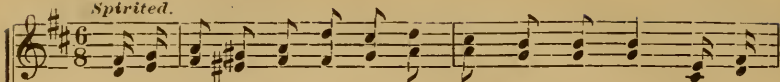
lead - eth to thee, To the pain - less, death-less land.....
 death-less land.



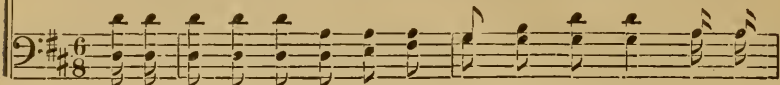
The Lord is King.

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD WHITE.

M. VILLA.

Spirited.

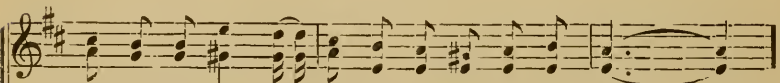
1. From the isles of the sea com-eth ti - dings of thee, From the
 2. From the East comes the cry that the Sav - ior is nigh! Oh, break
 3. Let Je - ru - sa - lem sing, for the Lord he is King, And her



vine mantled hills of Cath - ay. They have heard of the Lord, they have
 forth all ye lands, in his praise! With his pow - er and might there is
 bondage is now at an end. Take her harps from the trees, lift her



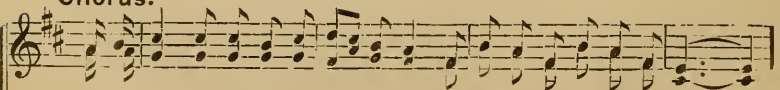
of Cath-ay,
 in his praise,
 at an end,



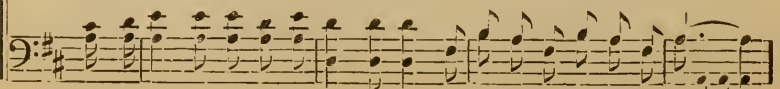
trust-ed His word. A na - tion is born in a day!.....
 glo - ry and light, In His hand is the full - ness of days.....
 songs on the breeze, All her voices in har-mo-n-y blend.....



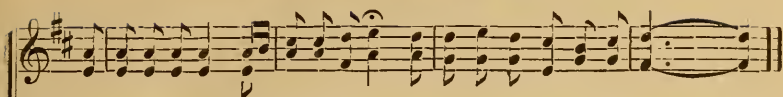
in a day,
 the full - ness of days,
 har - mon - y blend.

Chorus.

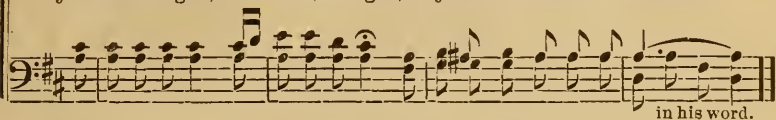
Then rejoice, and sing for the Lor lis King. His name by His saints is a - dored;



is adored;



Rejoice in his light, no darkness, no night, Rejoice and believe in his word.

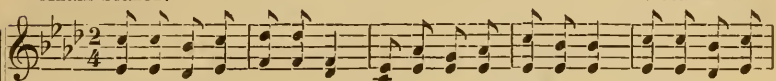


in his word.

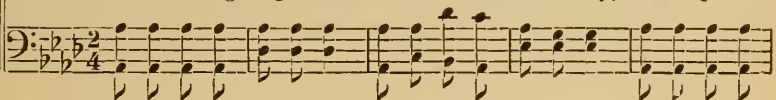
Jesus Bids You Come.

MARIA STRAUB.

J. M. STILLMAN.



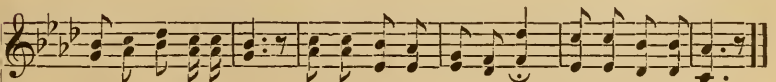
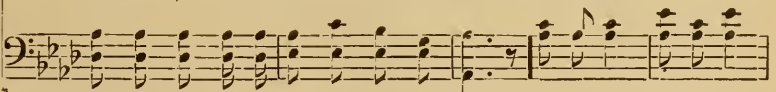
1. Come and see the Savior said, When they asked him his abode, Follow me, and
2. While you ask can any good Out of Naz'reth come to me, Heed the message
3. Hear the shining an-gel tell, Come and see where Jesus lay; see the light with



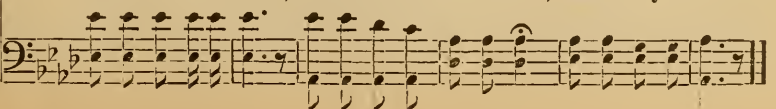
Chorus,



wel - come be in the tem-ple of your Lord, Come then come, come then come
by the way. "Come ye needy come and see." Come then etc.
in the tomb, Come and see where Jesus dwells. Come then etc.



to the house of the Lord, Come and listen to his word, Jesus bids you come.

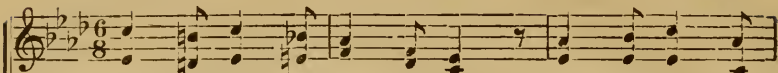


We shall Meet Her By and By.

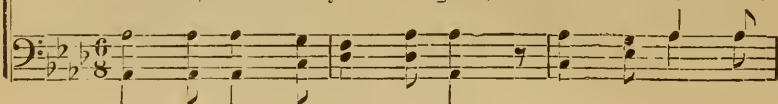
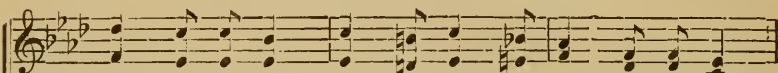
Rev. A. A. Hoskin.

(For Funeral Occasions.)


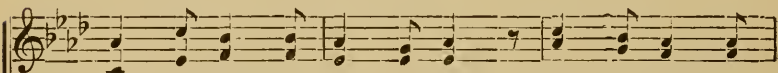
W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



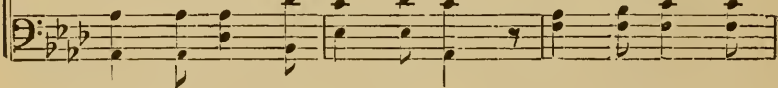

1. Weep - ing for an ab - sent one, Falt - 'ring lips are
 2. Toil - ing on in dark - ness here, By and by the
 3. In our home are tears and woe, While to her is
 4. We shall meet be - yond the gates, Safe with - in heav'n's

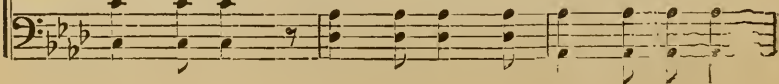
faint - ly say - ing, Words our hearts are faint - er pray - ing,
 clouds will brighten; By and by our bur - den light - en.
 kind - ly giv - en Joy and rest with God in heav - en.
 shin - ing por - tals. Meet a - mong the glad im - mor - tals,

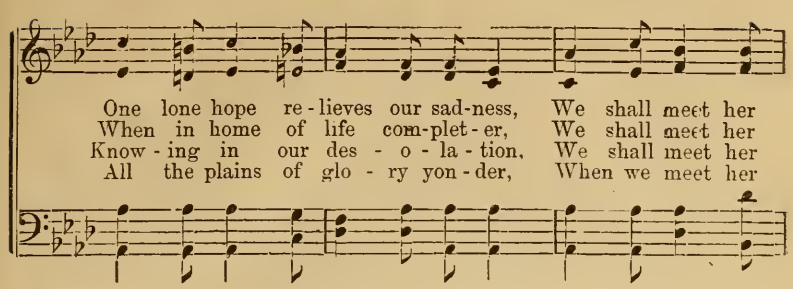
"Fa - ther—God, thy will be done!" Grop - ing 'neath night's
 And our morn of rest draws near; Weep - ing eyes will
 Where no tears of sor - row flow; So our smit - ten
 Where our com - ing she a - waits, And the mo - ment

star - less sky, Quench - ing all our spir - its gladness,
 then be dry, When with old love - clasps we greet her.
 spir - its try, Hence to glean some con - so - la - tion,
 draw - eth nigh, When be - side her, we shall wan - der.

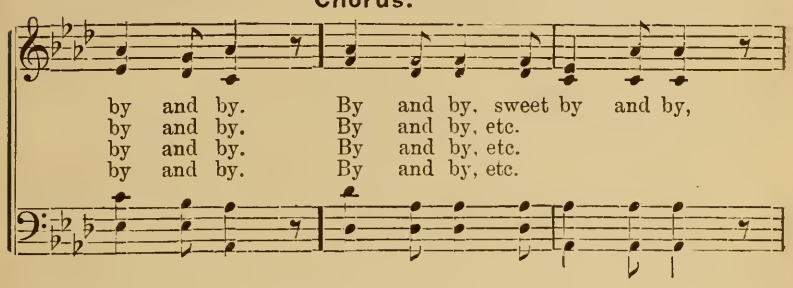


We shall Meet Her By and By---Concluded. 75

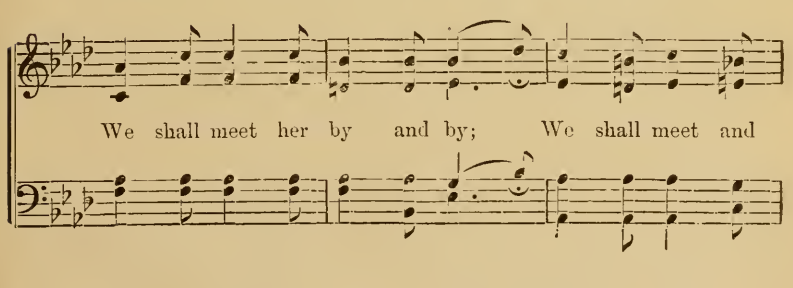


One lone hope re-lieves our sad-ness, We shall meet her
 When in home of life com-plet-er, We shall meet her
 Know-ing in our des-o-la-tion, We shall meet her
 All the plains of glo-ry yon-der, When we meet her

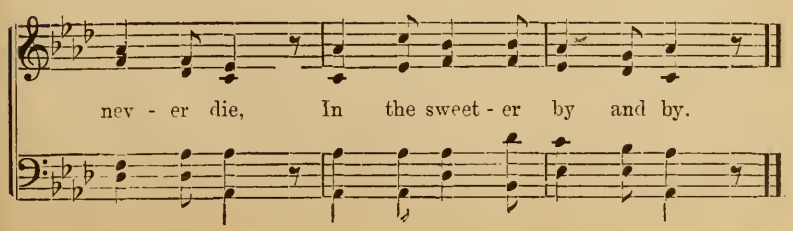
Chorus.



by and by.	By and by, sweet by and by,
by and by.	By and by, etc.
by and by.	By and by, etc.
by and by.	By and by, etc.



We shall meet her by and by; We shall meet and



nev-er die, In the sweet-er by and by.

Save the Boy.

L. F. C.

Rev. L. F. COLE.

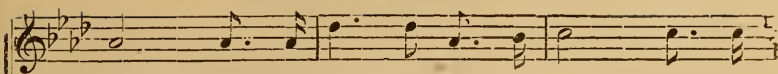
1. Once he sat up-on my knee, Look'd from sweet eyes in - to
 2. Once his laugh with mer - ry ring Fill'd our house with mu - sic
 3. Midst the glit - ter and the glare Of the room where death is
 2. Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy! Led him down and down to

mine. Ques-tion'd me so won-drous-ly, Of the
 rare, And his lov-ing hands would bring Wreaths of
 dealt, Scarce you'd know him, but he's there, He who
 death; Robbed me of my rar-est joy, Made a

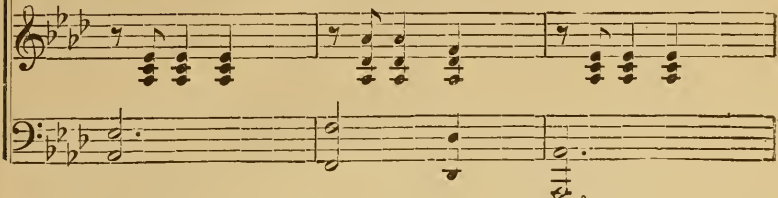
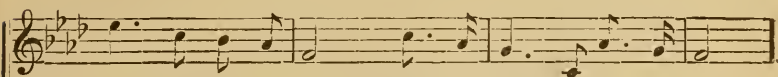
mys-ter-ies di-vine; Once he fond-ly clasped my
 blos-soms for my hair; Oh, the mer-ry, hap-py
 once so rev-'rent knelt At my knee, and soft-ly
 pang of ev-'ry breath; Moth-ers, fa-thers, hear my

Save the Boy---Concluded.

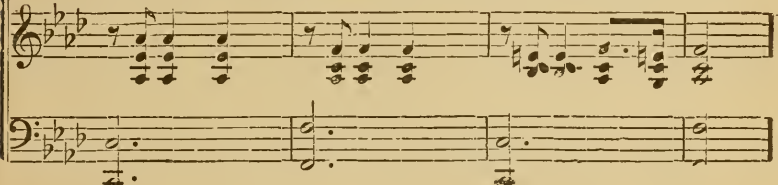
77



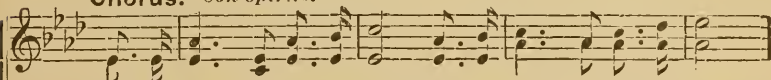
neck, Press'd my cheek with kiss - es sweet; O my
 sprite, Con-stant, cease - less source of joy; But to-
 spoke Words in - to the ear of God; O my
 plea! Let your plead - ings pierce the sky, Pray and

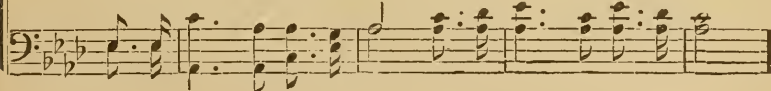
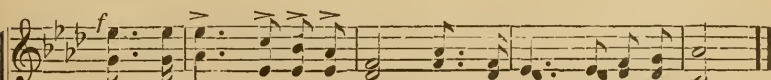
heart! we 'lit - tle reck Where may rove the precious feet.
 night, O God, to-night, Where, oh, where's my wand'ring boy?
 heart. 'tis smit-ten, broke, Crushed, I bend be-neath the rod.
 work most-earn-est - ly, Let us save our boys or die!



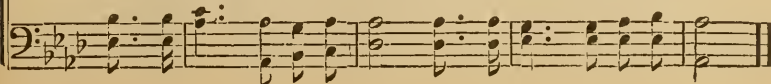
Chorus. *Con spirito.*



Save the boy. oh, save the boy! To the res - cue swift-ly come;

Save the boy, oh, save the boy! Save him from the curse of rum.

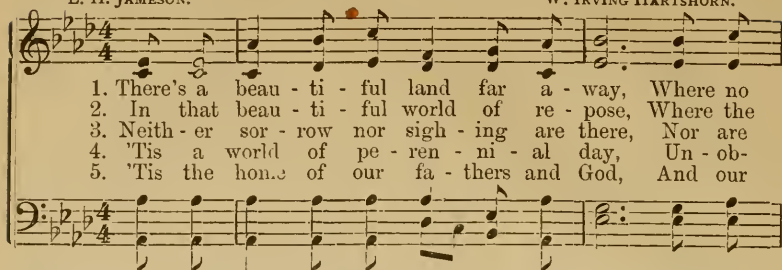


The Beautiful Land.

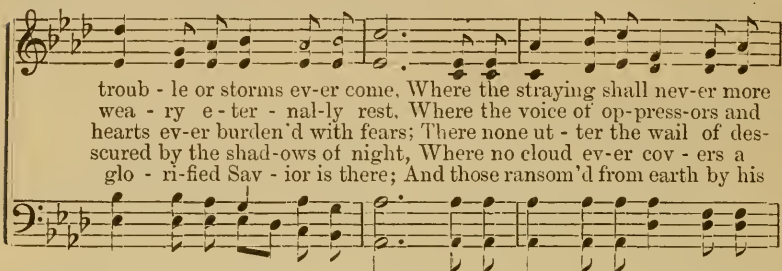
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—REV. xxi. 4.

L. H. JAMESON.

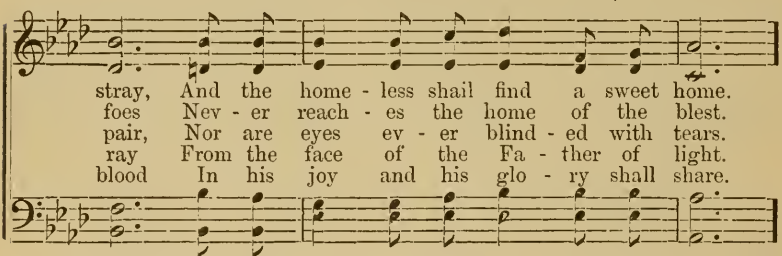
W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far a - way, Where no
 2. In that beau - ti - ful world of re - pose, Where the
 3. Neith - er sor - row nor sigh - ing are there, Nor are
 4. 'Tis a world of pe - ren - ni - al day, Un - ob -
 5. 'Tis the hon - or of our fa - thers and God, And our

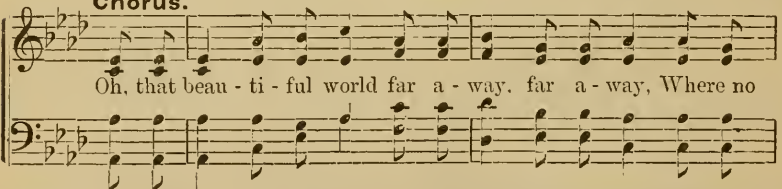


troub - le or storms ev - er come, Where the straying shall nev - er more
 wea - ry e - ter - nal - ly rest, Where the voice of op - press - ors and
 hearts ev - er burden'd with fears; There none ut - ter the wail of des -
 scured by the shad - ows of night, Where no cloud ev - er cov - ers a
 glo - ri - fied Sav - ior is there; And those ransom'd from earth by his

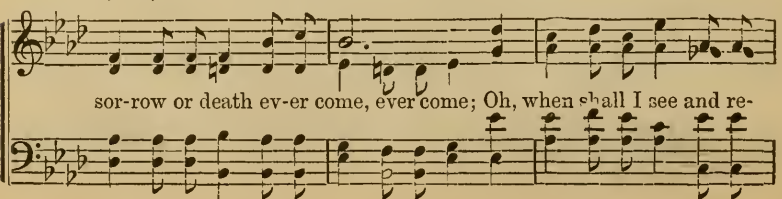


stray, And the home - less shall find a sweet home.
 foes Nev - er reach - es the home of the blest.
 pair, Nor are eyes ev - er blind - ed with tears.
 ray From the face of the Fa - ther of light.
 blood In his joy and his glo - ry shall share.

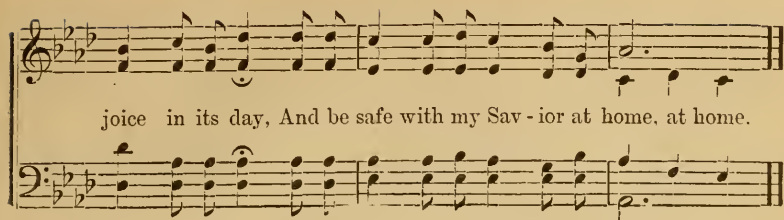
Chorus.



Oh, that beau - ti - ful world far a - way, far a - way, Where no



sor - row or death ev - er come, ever come; Oh, when shall I see and re -

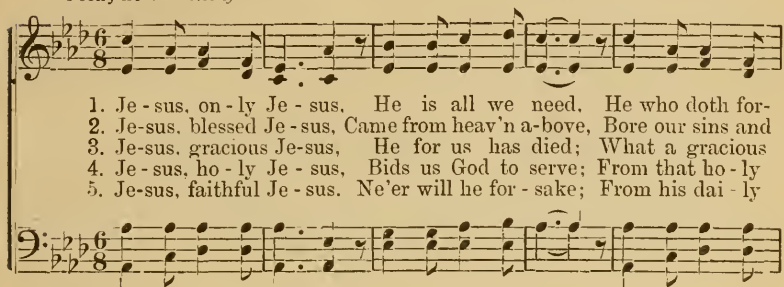


joice in its day, And be safe with my Sav-ior at home, at home.

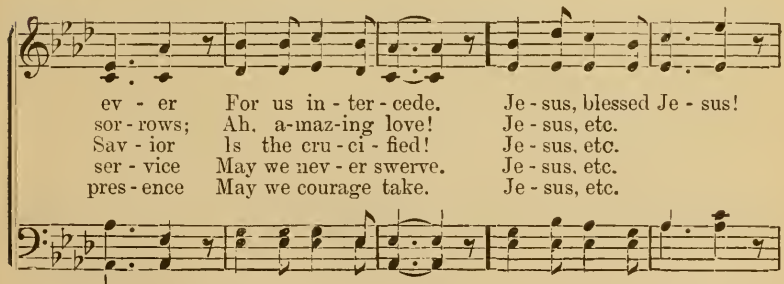
Jesus, Only Jesus!

Poetry from "Voice of Praise."

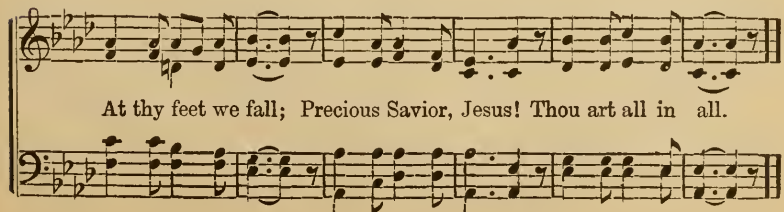
W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, He is all we need, He who doth for-
2. Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Came from heav'n a - bove, Bore our sins and
3. Je - sus, gracious Je - sus, He for us has died; What a gracious
4. Je - sus, ho - ly Je - sus, Bids us God to serve; From that ho - ly
5. Je - sus, faithful Je - sus. Ne'er will he for - sake; From his dai - ly



ev - er	For us in - ter - cede.	Je - sus, blessed Je - sus!
sor - rows;	Ah, a - maz - ing love!	Je - sus, etc.
Sav - ior	Is the cru - ci - fied!	Je - sus, etc.
ser - vice	May we nev - er swerve.	Je - sus, etc.
pres - ence	May we courage take.	Je - sus, etc.



At thy feet we fall; Precious Savior, Jesus! Thou art all in all.

Come Unto Me.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me."—ISA. lv. iii.

Rev. G. W. LLOYD.

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. Hear, troubled soul tho' the hur - ri - cane's roar - ing, Sounding o'er
 2. Help-less one, sport of the winds of temp - ta - tion, Near - ing the
 3. Dark is the night, and thy spir - it dis - cerns not Him who is
 4. Storm-driv-en soul, lift the pray - er ap - peal - ing, "Sav - ior, come

life's roll - ing sea, Clear - ly a - bove all the tu - mult 'tis
 threat - en - ing lea, Yon - der outstretching the hand of sal -
 wait - ing for thee; Yet, all in - tent on the res - cue, he
 thou un - to me!" Quick - ly he'll an - swer, sal - va - tion re -

Chorus.

soaring, A voice crying, "Come unto me!" "Come un-to me.
 va - tion, Is he who says, "Come unto me!" "Come, etc.
 turns not. But still he cries, "Come unto me!" "Come, etc.
 veal - ing, Despair not I come un-to thee. I come un-to thee. I

"Come unto me,
 I come unto thee,

Clear - ly and sweet - ly the
 Come un - to me," Clear - ly, sweet - ly, clear - ly, sweetly the
 come un - to thee, Clear - ly, sweet - ly, clear - ly, sweetly the

Come un - to me,"
 I come un - to thee,

Sav-ior will greet thee. "Despair not, despair not, but come un-to me."
 Sav-ior will greet thee. Despair not, despair not, I come un-to thee.

The Third Commandment.

F. B. M. BROTHERTON.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Take not God's holy name in vain, Who ruleth earth, and sea and air.
 2. Take not His ho ly name in vain. He will not hold thee guiltless still.
 3. In that high home of peace and rest. Where seraphs execute His will,

Fine.
 He gives us life, and home and friends. Rich blessings that his love declare;
 D. s. The Lord who rules and governs all, Whose might and pow'r his love attests.
 If words profane, your lips shall speak, And with dark echoes home shall fill;
 D. s. He holds the waters in his hand, And guides the shining stars of heav'n.
 They veil their fac-es as they bow, O - be - dient du-ties to ful - fill:
 D. s. Forbid it Lord, and from each heart, Thy right of love and rev'ence claim.

D. S.
 Up - on your lips in reverent tone, Let his great name in honor rest,
 He is your God, the mighty Lord, To whom all worship may be giv'n,
 And shall the children of the earth, Speak ev-er light-ly his great name?

It Pays to Do Right.

F. S. POND.

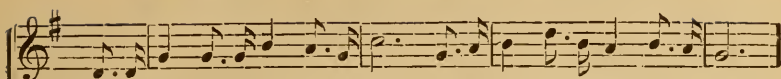
T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Not too slow.

1. Tho' temptation, the envoy of wrath, Lims the future with beauty and gold,
 2. Happy we if our conscience may rest From the demon of sin ev-er free,
 3. Oh, it pays to be no-ble and true, Tho' the world may condemn and despise,

And with ros-es e'er strewth our path, Luring onward to "treasures untold;"
 While the beautiful home of the blest Waiteth yon-der for you and for me;
 For the mer-cy of God, like the dew, Falleth gen-tly on whom it de-cries;

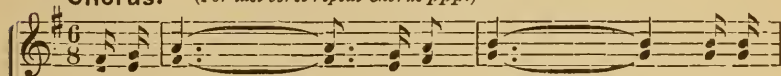
'Neath the roses lurk sorrow and gloom. And the path leads to ruin and night,
 Then we have our reward e-ven here, If we walk in the truth and its might,
 Let us cling closely, then, to the cross Thro' the darkness no less than the light.



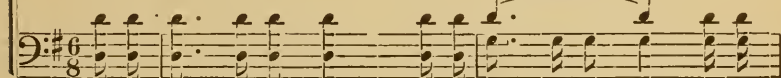
While the future brings sentence of doom Unto him who stood not for the right.
While the Shepherd of souls standeth near, Guarding us when we dare to do right.
And account all the world but as dross If it weigh with the wrong 'gainst the right.



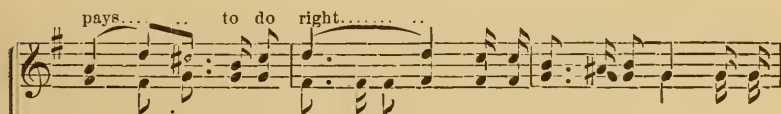
Chorus. (For last verse repeat Chorus ppp.)



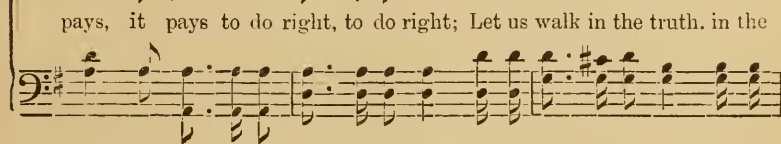
Oh, it pays..... to do right..... Oh, it



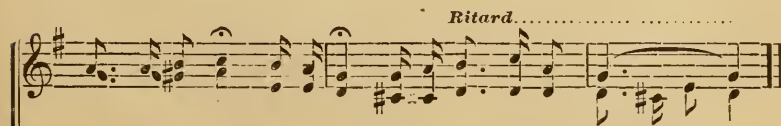
Oh, it pays to do right, Oh, it pays to do right,



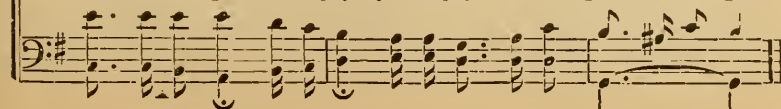
pays... to do right.....



pays, it pays to do right, to do right; Let us walk in the truth. in the



truth and the light, For it pays, yes, it pays to do right, to do right.



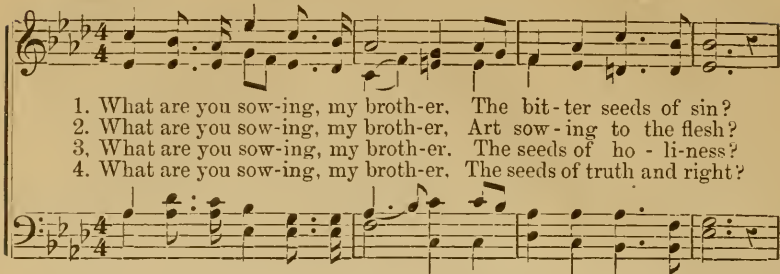
As Ye Sow, Ye Shall Reap.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.

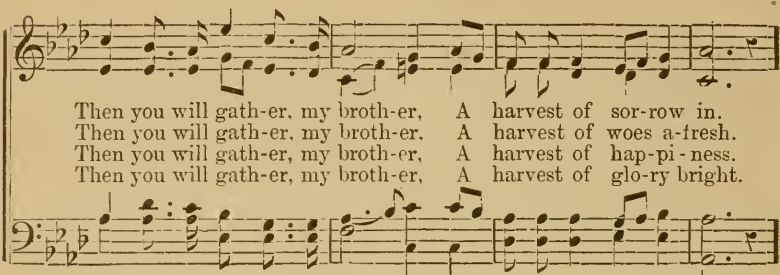
E. A. HOFFMAN.

(From the "Evergreen." by per.)

J. M. STILLMAN.

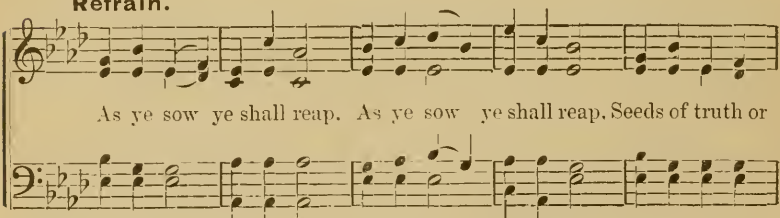


1. What are you sow-ing, my broth-er. The bit-ter seeds of sin?
 2. What are you sow-ing, my broth-er. Art sow-ing to the flesh?
 3. What are you sow-ing, my broth-er. The seeds of ho-li-ness?
 4. What are you sow-ing, my broth-er. The seeds of truth and right?

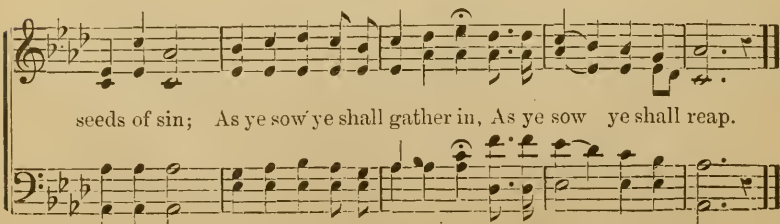


Then you will gath-er, my broth-er, A harvest of sor-row in.
 Then you will gath-er, my broth-er. A harvest of woes a-fresh.
 Then you will gath-er, my broth-er, A harvest of hap-pi-ness.
 Then you will gath-er, my broth-er, A harvest of glo-ry bright.

Refrain.



As ye sow ye shall reap. As ye sow ye shall reap, Seeds of truth or



seeds of sin; As ye sow ye shall gather in, As ye sow ye shall reap.

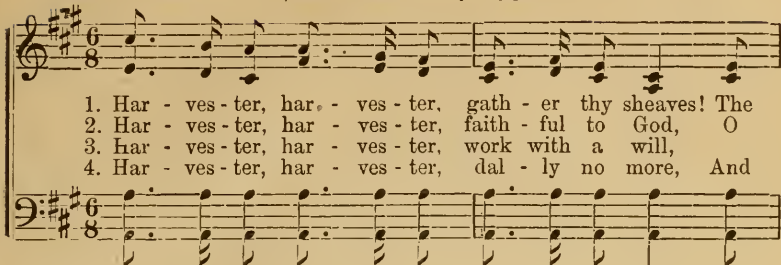
What will the Recompense Be?

85

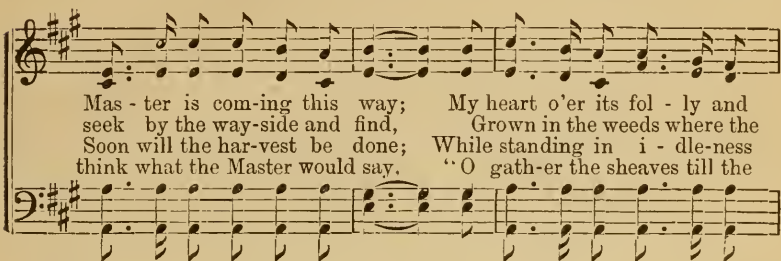
EBEN. E. REXFORD.

(From "Crown of Glory." by per.)

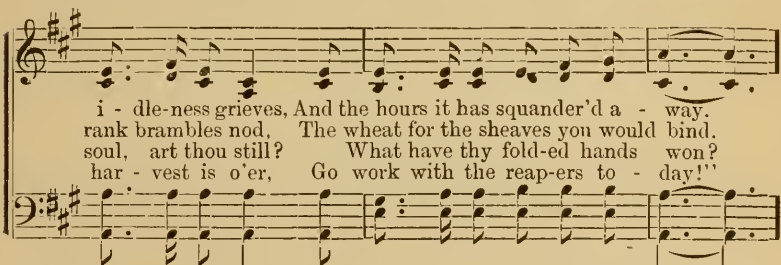
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Har - ves - ter, har - ves - ter, gath - er thy sheaves! The
 2. Har - ves - ter, har - ves - ter, faith - ful to God, O
 3. Har - ves - ter, har - ves - ter, work with a will,
 4. Har - ves - ter, har - ves - ter, dal - ly no more, And

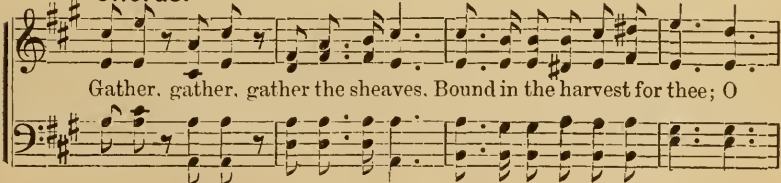


Mas - ter is com - ing this way; My heart o'er its fol - ly and
 seek by the way-side and find, Grown in the weeds where the
 Soon will the har-vest be done; While standing in i - dle-ness
 think what the Master would say, "O gath-er the sheaves till the

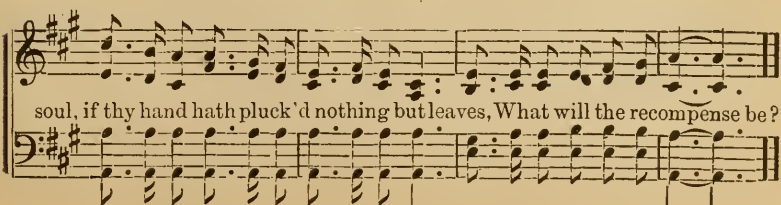


i - dle-ness grieves, And the hours it has squander'd a - way.
 rank brambles nod, The wheat for the sheaves you would bind.
 soul, art thou still? What have thy fold-ed hands won?
 har - vest is o'er, Go work with the reap-ers to - day!"

Chorus.



Gather, gather, gather the sheaves, Bound in the harvest for thee; O



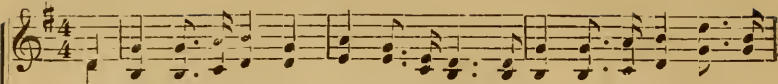
soul, if thy hand hath pluck'd nothing but leaves, What will the recompense be?

Rejoice in the Lord.

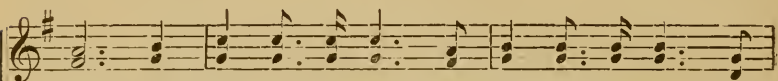
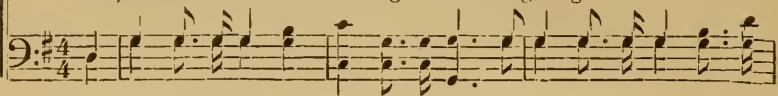
"Rejoice in the Lord alway." —PHIL. IV. 4.

MARIA STRAUB.

J. M. STILLMAN.



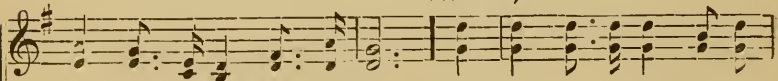
1. Re-joice in the Lord while going the way The Savior has trodden be-
2. Re-joice in the Lord your Captain and King, 'Tis glorious his fol'wer to
3. Be hap-py in God, his prom-ise is true, His mercies will ev - er en-
4. Re-joice in the Lord, what blessings of love For glad, grateful hearts are in



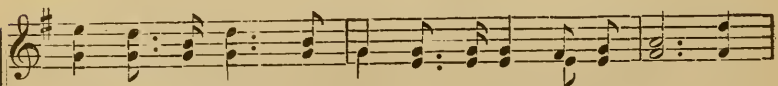
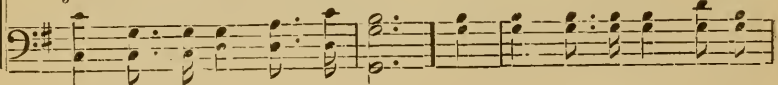
fore; Re - joice in the Lord though dark - ens the day, 'Tis
be; Though troub - les may rise, His good - ness still sing, For
dure; The Sav - ior will guide, He still is with you, Though
store, Re - joice in the shade, there's sun - light a - bove. Re -



Chorus,



on - ly	a cloud pass - ing o'er,	'Tis	on - ly	a cloud passing
soon the	dark shadows will flee.	'Tis	on - ly, etc.	
doubting	his presence obscure.	'Tis	on - ly, etc.	
joice in	the Lord ev - er - more.	'Tis	on - ly, etc.	



o - ver the way, 'Tis on - ly a cloud pass - ing o'er; Re -



joice in the Lord, tho' darkens the day, 'Tis on - ly a cloud passing o'er.

While We Work for Jesus.

Joyfully.

C. R. LEFTWICH, by per.

D. C. 1. All a-round is bright and fair, While we work for Je - sus.
 2. Ev-'ry face with pleas-ure beams, While we work for Je - sus.
 3. Nearer seem the realms a - bove, While we work for Je - sus,
 4. Let us raise a grate-ful voice, While we work for Je - sus,

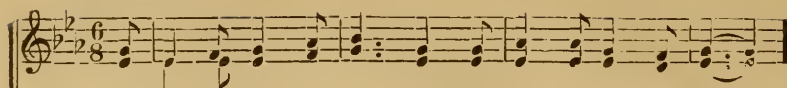
Fine.
 Joy and peace are ev-'ry-where, While we work for Je - sus.
 Ev - 'ry heart with rapture teems, While we work for Je - sus.
 Dear-er seems the Savior's love, While we work for Je - sus.
 And with ear - nest hearts re joi e, While we work for Je - sus.

Chorus, **D. C.**
 Come, O come, this cheerful happy day, Come. O come, to Sabbath school away.

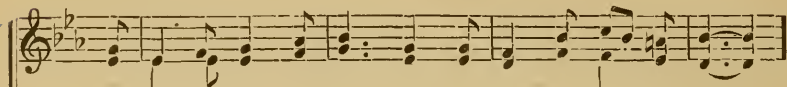
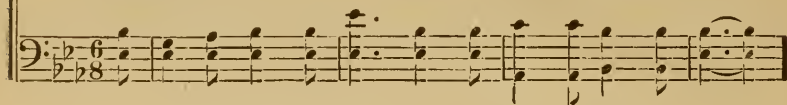
The First Loved Us.

MARIA STRAUB.

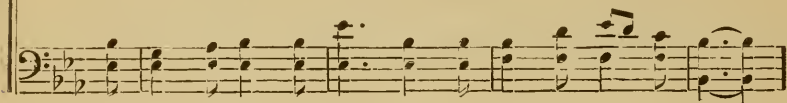
J. M. STILLMAN.



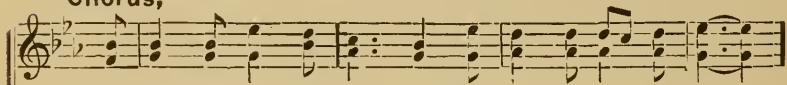
1. We dear-ly love our Sav - ior And can but love him thus;
2. O him who loved and saved us, While still his en - e - mies,
3. Said Je - sus, if ye love me Then my com-mand-ments do;
4. The way of life is Je - sus, In him then may we trust;



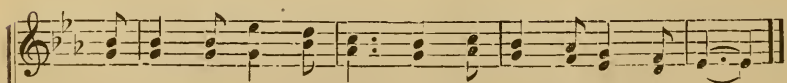
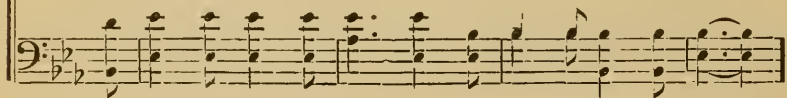
We love him, yes, we love him, Because he first loved us.
 We'll hon - or by for-giv - ing Our foes as he did his.
 O love ye one an-oth - er, As I have lov - ed you.
 We love our dear Re - deem - er, Because he first loved us.



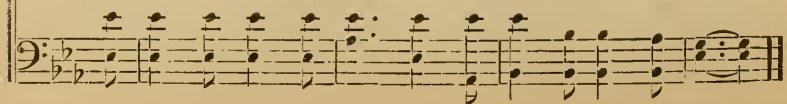
Chorus,



We love him, yes we love him. Be-cause he first loved us.



We love him, yes we love him. Be-cause he first loved us.



My Spirit is Free.

89

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, by per.

1. I fol - low the foot - steps of Je - sus, my Lord, His
2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night The
4. Pro - claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For

Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the path-way made
which he a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I
Mas - ter hath o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of deliv'rance ye
sin - ners from sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my

plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
an - gels of light, Praise His name, oh my soul, ev - er - more.
par - don has I ought, "For His blood washes whit - er than snow."

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God He pu - ri - fies me; I'm


walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While following Je - sus my Lord.

There is a Beauty Born of Love.

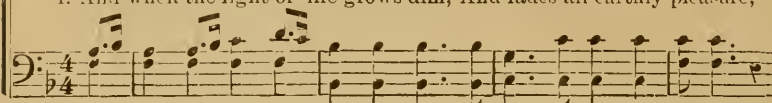
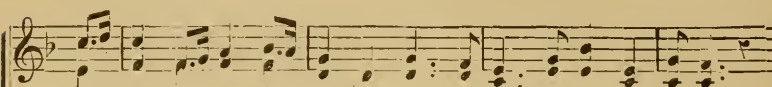
"That they should praise the beauty of holiness."—2 CHRON. XX. 31.

O. D. SHERMAN. *Allegretto.*

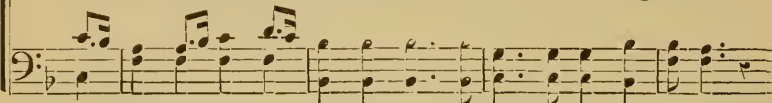
J. M. STILLMAN.




1. There is a beau-ty born of love. More bright than sunshine beaming,
 2. That beauty beams from Zion's mount. And glows in Bethle'm's story,
 3. That beauty crowns the lowly saint, Whose heart its light is cheering,
 4. And when the light of life grows dim, And fades all earthly pleasure,


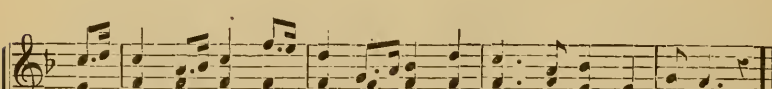
More radiant than the stars a-bove. Or gold and diamonds gleaming.
 Il-lumes Sa-mar-ia's sacred fount. And makes the Cross our glory.
 Who, toil-ing on, shall nev-er faint. But wait the Lord's ap-pear-ing.
 The beau-ty of the Lord shall win An ev-er-last-ing treasure.




Chorus.



Oh, beauty, bright and fair, di-vine, The world has known thee never;

Oh, may thy light a-round me shine, And guide my way for-ev-er.



In the King's Army.

91

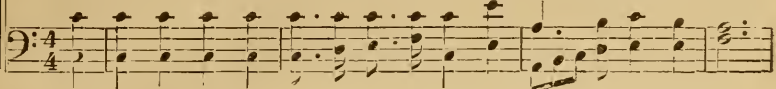
"With us is the Lord our God to help us."—2 CHRON. xxxii. 8.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

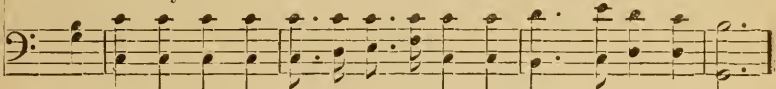
T. MARTIN TOWN.



1. Behold, that blood-stain'd banner of the King! And bark! the rallying cry!
2. Be-hold, the al-lied hosts of wrong and sin, Drawn up in strong ar-ray!
3. En-list, en-list, the ar-my of the Lord Is gath-'ring for the fight,
4. Put on the ar-mor of the King, I pray, Oh, wait-ing, careless heart,
5. Oh, blood-stain'd banner, he no more resists! "Be Christ my King!" he cries;



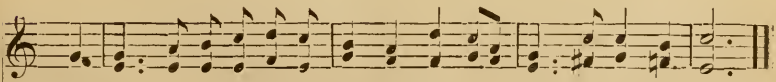
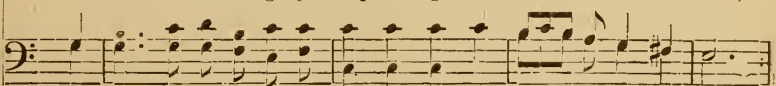
"En-list, en-list, ex-ult-ing-ly it rings, Nor let him pass you by."
Shut fast the gates, nor let them enter in! Christ holds the camp to-day!
And to the winds all doubts and fears they fling Strong in their Leader's might.
Christ or the world! he bids you choose to-day! Oh, choose the bet-ter part.
Be-neath thy folds an-oth-er heart en-lists! Oh, shout it to the skies.



Chorus.



En-list, enlist! the mighty trumpets ring, Earth's bat-tle-field's a-cross;



Beneath the blood-stain'd banner of the King, A sol-dier of the cross.




Under the Shadow of Thy Wings.

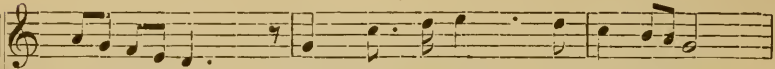
"In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."—Ps. lxxiii. 7.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.


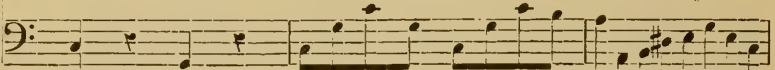
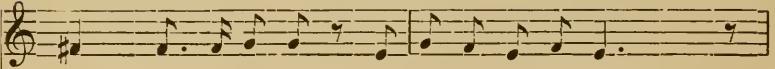
FREDERIC H. PEASE.



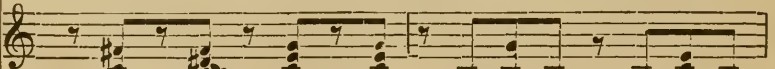
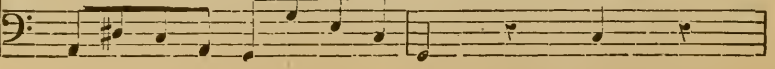
1. I will re-joyce with glad-ness deep, While in thy care I
 2. I will re-joyce that thou art near. Thou wilt the faint - est
 3. I will re-joyce, my heart doth leap; To thee in dan - ger
 4. Safe in its shel - ter I would hide, There let me ev - er -



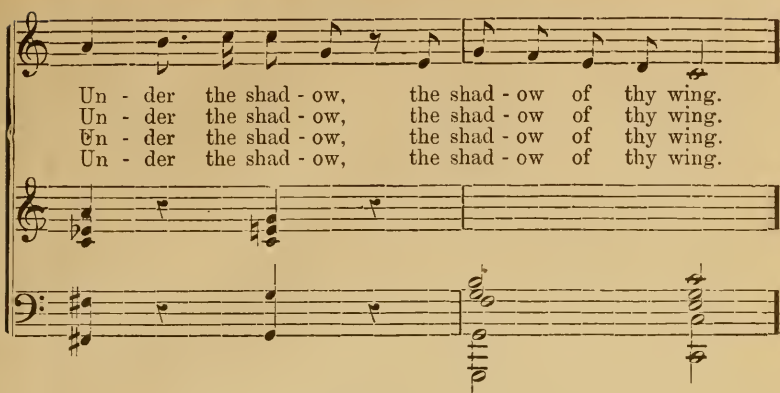
wake or sleep; Close to thy side will ev - er cling,
 whis-per hear; Dark - ness may come, but I will sing,
 I will creep, Count-ing it joy all pain to bring,
 more a - bide; I can re-joyce in ev - 'ry-thing,

Un - der the shadow, the shad-ow of thy wing,
 Un - der the shadow, the shad-ow of thy wing,
 Un - der the shadow, the shad-ow of thy wing,
 Un - der the shadow, the shad-ow of thy wing,

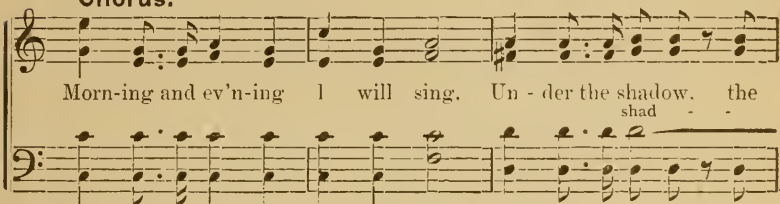



Under the Shadow of Thy Wings---Concluded. 93

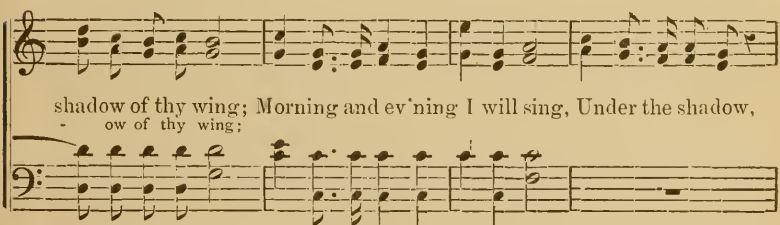


Un - der the shad - ow, the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Un - der the shad - ow, the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Un - der the shad - ow, the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Un - der the shad - ow, the shad - ow of thy wing.

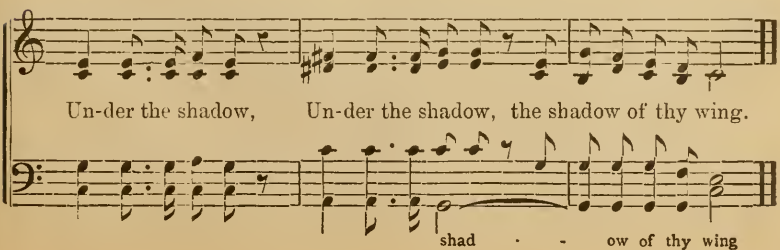
Chorus.



Morn-ing and ev'n-ing I will sing. Un - der the shadow, the
 shad



shadow of thy wing; Morning and ev'ning I will sing, Under the shadow,
 ow of thy wing;



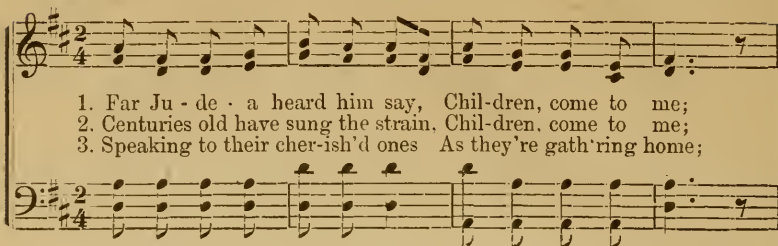
Un-der the shadow, Un-der the shadow, the shadow of thy wing.
 shad - - - ow of thy wing

Children, Come to Me.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."—MARK X. 14.

Mrs. M. A. DEANE.

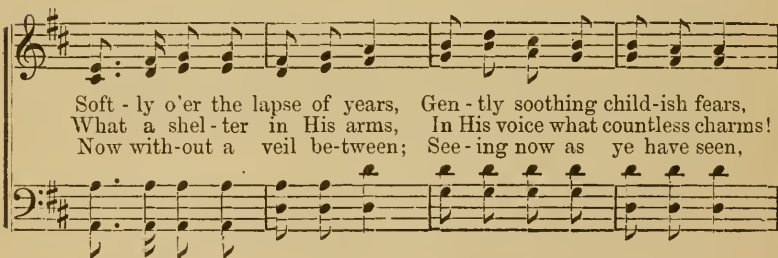
W. R. POTTER.



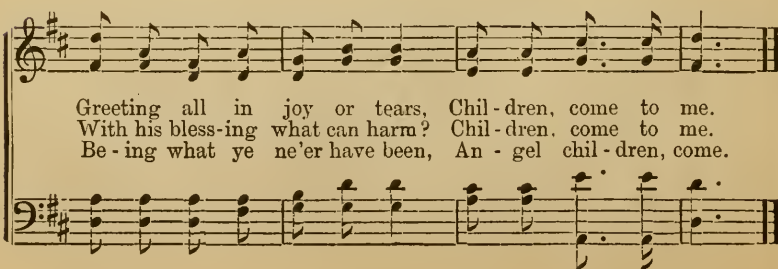
1. Far Ju - de - a heard him say, Chil-dren, come to me;
 2. Centuries old have sung the strain, Chil-dren, come to me;
 3. Speaking to their cher-ish'd ones As they're gath'ring home;



Ech - oes in our midst to - day, Children, come to me.
 We take up the glad re - frain, Children, come to me.
 We shall hear his wel-come tones, Lit - tle chil-dren, come.



Soft - ly o'er the lapse of years, Gen - tly soothing child-ish fears,
 What a shel - ter in His arms, In His voice what countless charms!
 Now with-out a veil be-tween; See - ing now as ye have seen,



Greeting all in joy or tears, Chil - dren, come to me.
 With his bless-ing what can harm? Chil - dren, come to me.
 Be - ing what ye ne'er have been, An - gel chil - dren, come.

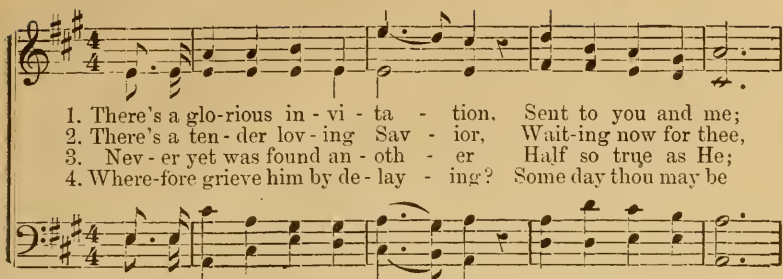
Come and See.

95

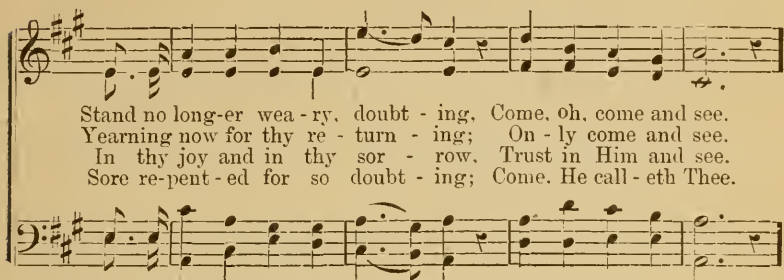
MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

JOHN i. 46.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

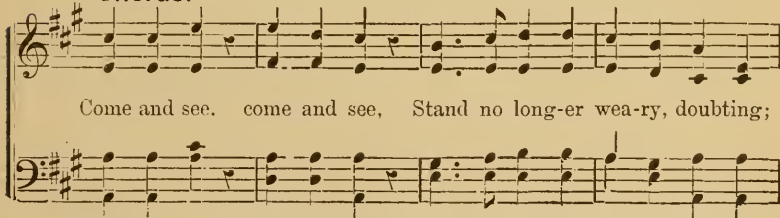


1. There's a glo-rious in - vi - ta - tion. Sent to you and me;
 2. There's a ten - der lov - ing Sav - ior, Wait - ing now for thee,
 3. Nev - er yet was found an - oth - er Half so true as He;
 4. Where - fore grieve him by de - lay - ing? Some day thou may be

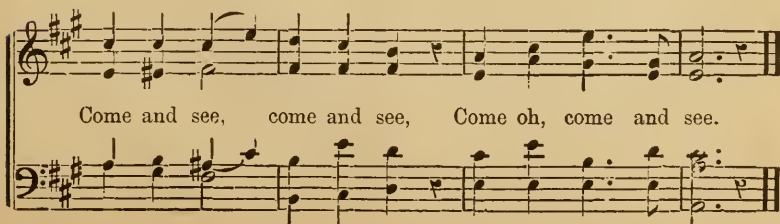


Stand no long - er wea - ry, doubt - ing, Come, oh, come and see.
 Yearning now for thy re - turn - ing; On - ly come and see.
 In thy joy and in thy sor - row, Trust in Him and see.
 Sore re - pent - ed for so doubt - ing; Come. He call - eth Thee.

Chorus.



Come and see. come and see, Stand no long - er wea - ry, doubting;



Come and see, come and see, Come oh, come and see.

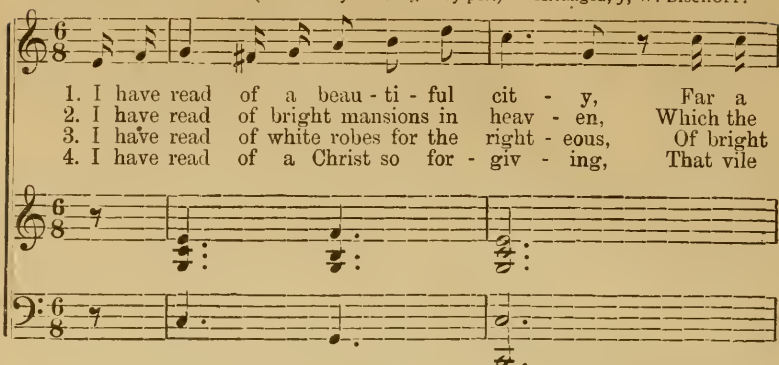
Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. xxi 18.

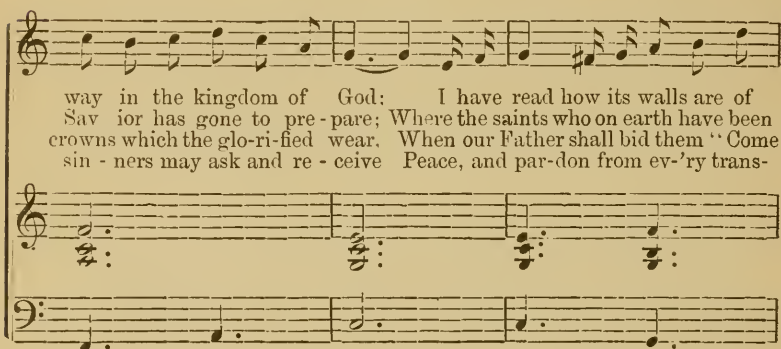
Rev. J. B. ARCHINSON

(From "Crystal Songs" by per.)

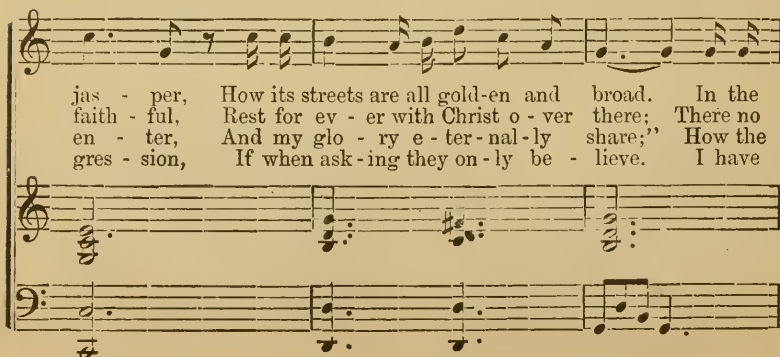
Melody, O. F. PRESBRY.
Arranged, J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a
2. I have read of bright mansions in heav - en, Which the
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile



way in the kingdom of God: I have read how its walls are of
Sav ior has gone to pre - pare; Where the saints who on earth have been
crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear. When our Father shall bid them "Come
sin - ners may ask and re - ceive Peace, and par - don from ev - 'ry trans -



jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the
faith - ful, Rest for ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

Not Half Has Ever Been Told---Concluded. 97

midst of the streets is life's riv-er, Clear as crystal and pure to be-hold;
sin ev-er en-ters, nor sor-row, The in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow old;
righteous are ev-er-more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe-ty we en-ter his fold;

righteous are ev-er-more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold:
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter his fold:

read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter his fold:

[illegible]

But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.

But not half of the joys that a-wait them To mortals has ev-er been told.

But not half of His goodness and mer-cy To mortals has ev-er been told.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 3/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into five measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G4 and a bass staff with a quarter note G2. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note A4 and a bass staff with a quarter note A2. The third measure has a treble staff with a quarter note Bb4 and a bass staff with a quarter note Bb2. The fourth measure has a treble staff with a quarter note C5 and a bass staff with a quarter note C3. The fifth measure has a treble staff with a quarter note D5 and a bass staff with a quarter note D3. The score ends with a double bar line.

been told,

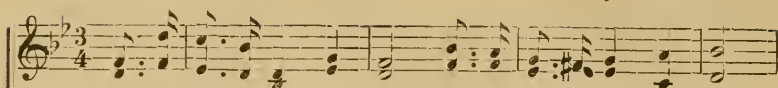
been told:

Not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.

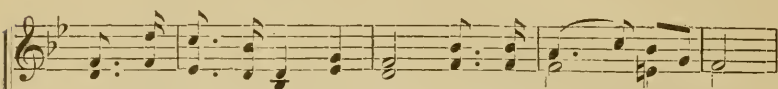
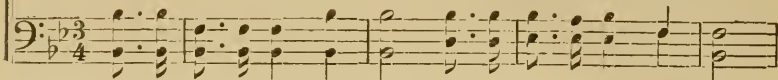
Hark! what Despairing Cries.

S. S. ROCKWOOD, A. M.

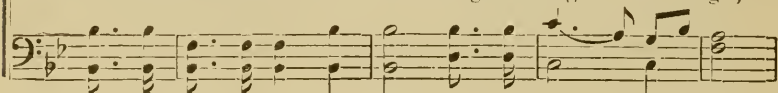
J. M. STILLMAN



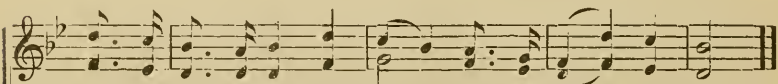
1. Hark! what sad, despairing cries From the drunkard's home a - rise,
2. Who shall dare with-hold his hand, While a ty-rant rules the land,
3. While our sons and brothers fall 'Neath this o-ver-whelm-ing pall,
4. There is one who rules a - bove, Let us trust His guid-ing love,



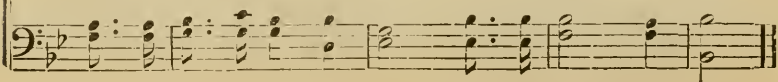
Hear them mounting to the skies, To the ear of God;
 Who would sheathe a coward's brand, Who the con - flict shun?
 Shall we help-less view their thrall, Shall we weep or cower?
 To our flood-bound ark his dove Brings the longed for sign;



Holding friends and neighbors dear, Shall we stand in si - lence here,
 Let us rise and smite the foe, Lay his ruthless min - ions low,
 No! we hurl the an - swer back, Now's the time to make at - tack,
 By that God whom we a - dore, Vic - to-ry shall come once more,

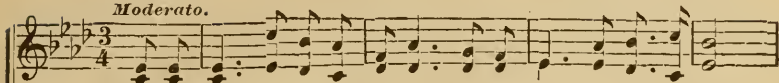


Have we noth-ing here to fear From his threat'ning rod?
 Let us give him blow for blow, Till the fight is won.
 On - ly churls and cra - vens lack Cour-age for the hour.
 We shall win as they of yore, By His power di - vine.

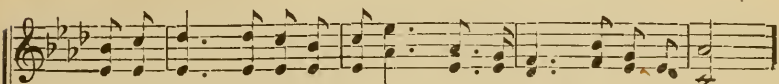
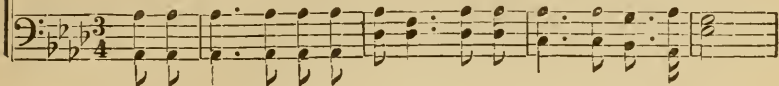


O. D. SHERMAN. (From the "Prize," by per. of J. CHURCH & Co.) J. M. STILLMAN.

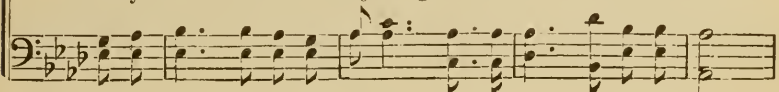
Moderato.



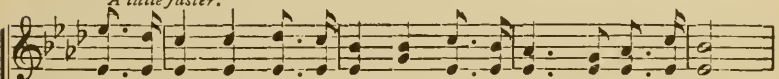
1. Children, would you know the sto-ry, Of the Sav - ior, loving, mild,
2. Would you know His artless childhood, Free from sin and wicked strife,
3. Would you know His words of wisdom, See the glo - ry of His face:
4. Would you know how dark that garden, Terraced on the mountain side,



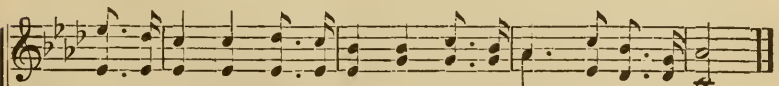
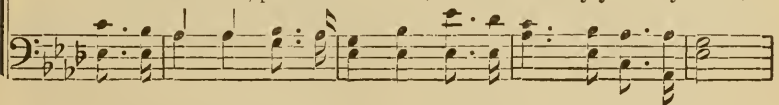
How he left the realms of glo-ry, And be-came a lit-tle child?
Full of smiles and lov ing fa-vor, Brave and truth-ful in His life?
How He bless'd the lit-tle children, Held them in His close embrace?
Would you know the taunts and jeerings, See the cross on which He died?



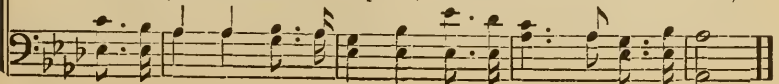
A little faster.



In the Bi - ble, bless-ed Bi - ble, Book of books, the best by far,
Read the Bi - ble, bless-ed Bi - ble, Read its pa - ges all you can;
In the Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, All that matchless love appears;
Read the Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, All the sto - ry you may know,



You can read the wondrous sto-ry Of the "wise men" and the "star."
It will tell you how He la-bor'd, Lov-ing God and blessing man.
How He heal'd the broken hearted, How He dried the mourner's tears.
And the price of man's redemption, Saved from sin and endless woe,



Shun the Rocks.

F. S. POND. *Teachers.*

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Dear chil-dren all, whose beaming eyes Re - flect the light from
 2. Dear chil-dren, when the ear - ly dawn Streams o - ver woodland,
 3. Re - mem-ber that the Lord of truth Has promised you im-

'bove the skies. Why come ye here this Sab - bath day? To
 mead and lawn, Do you kneel down, and thank high heav'n For
 mor - tal youth If, nev - er falt - 'ring—though ye die— Ye

Scholars.
 learn the truth, to praise and pray? Kind teach - ers, yes, to
 all its love so free - ly given? When bird-songs greet the
 strive to reach that home on high. We will, God help - ing,
 D. S. All. Oh, none of us too

pray and praise We come here in our youth - ful days, And
 morn - ing hour And an - gels wake the sleep - ing flower, We
 faith - ful be And shun the rocks in life's great sea; (Our
 a - ged are, And none too young to un - der-stand That

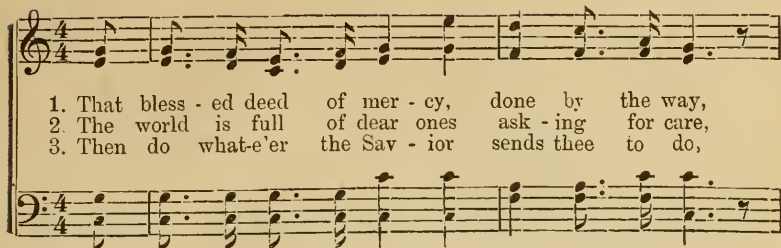
See page 123

That Blessed Deed of Mercy.

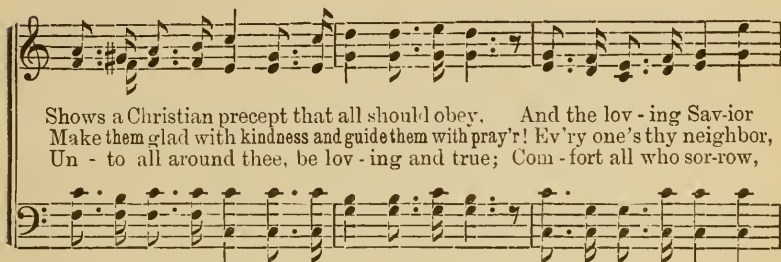
101

J. C. M.

J. C. Macy, by per.

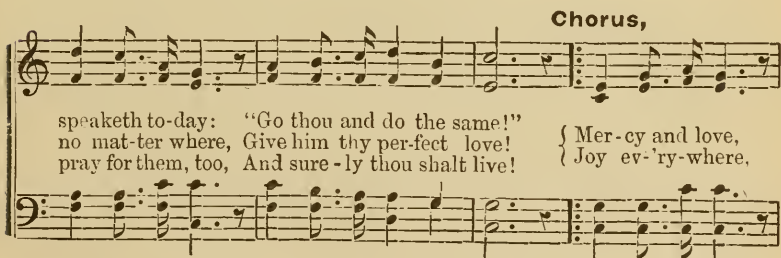


1. That bless - ed deed of mer - cy, done by the way,
 2. The world is full of dear ones ask - ing for care,
 3. Then do what-e'er the Sav - ior sends thee to do,

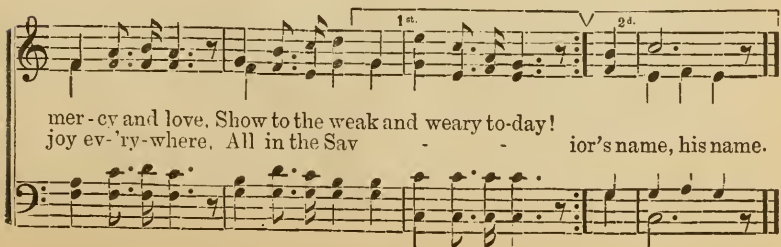


Shows a Christian precept that all should obey. And the lov - ing Sav - ior
 Make them glad with kindness and guide them with pray'r! Ev'ry one's thy neighbor,
 Un - to all around thee, be lov - ing and true; Com - fort all who sor - row,

Chorus,



speakeeth to-day: "Go thou and do the same!"
 no mat - ter where, Give him thy per - fect love! } Mer - cy and love,
 pray for them, too, And sure - ly thou shalt live! } Joy ev' - ry - where,



mer - cy and love, Show to the weak and weary to-day!
 joy ev' - ry - where, All in the Sav - ior's name, his name.

An Open Door.

O. D. SHERMAN.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. The Lord has set be - fore us A wide and o - pen door;
 2. With-in all's light and glo - ry; Out - side all's grief and gloom;
 3. A welcome waits to greet thee, A crown laid up in store;

And all may en - ter in there. And none may shut it more.
 With-in, God's love is beam - ing. And flow'rs im-mor - tal bloom.
 And an - gels hail thy com - ing, With-in the "o - pen door."

It leads to realms of beau - ty. Out from the depths of sin:
 Come, weak and need-y sin - ner. With all thy guilt - y store.
 A welcome waits to greet thee. A crown laid up in store;

It turns on gold - en hing - es, And all may en - ter in.
 Lay down thy heav - y bur - den Be - fore the "o - pen door."
 And an - gels hail thy com-ing, With-in the "o - pen door."

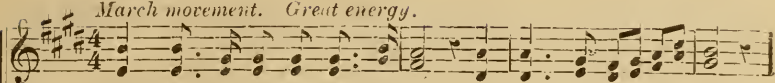
Bring Forth the Banner!

103

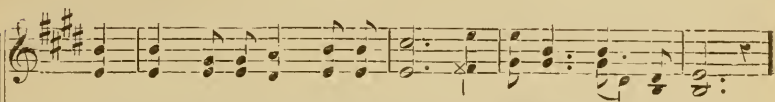
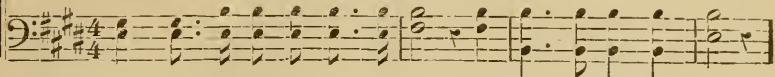
Rev CHAS. FOLLEN LEE.

S. W. STRAUB, by per.

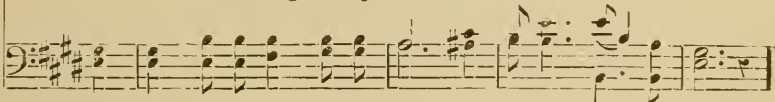
March movement. Great energy.



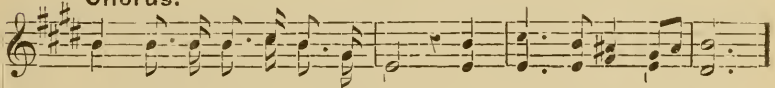
1. Bring forth the ban-ner of our Prince! On some high mountain raise
2. Bring forth the ban-ner of our Prince! And let the trum-pets blow!
3. And when the fi-nal fight is won O'er heav'n's e-ter-nal hall.



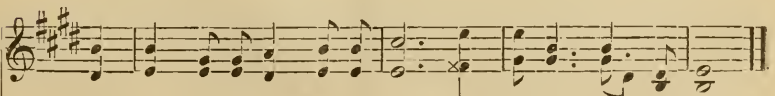
The Stan-dard on whose snowy field A thousand vic-t'ries blaze!
The glad sound that cheers loyal hearts Sends terror to the foe
For-ev-er that flag shall proclaim That God is all in all.



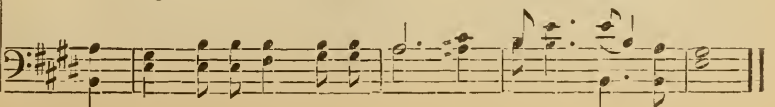
Chorus.



Bring forth the banner of our Prince, And bear it thro' the world!



So long as a foe shall re-main, It nev-er shall be fueled!



The Voyager.

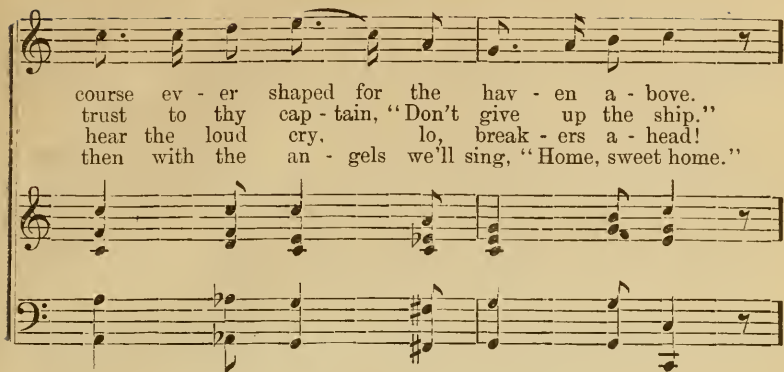
Rev. M. D. CHURCH.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Voy - a - ger o - ver life's storm fret - ted sea, The
 2. Shrink not from per - ils that rise to thy sight, The
 3. Dan - gers un - known in thy path - way may start, Be
 4. So, fight - ing and watch - ing, and trust - ing for all, To that

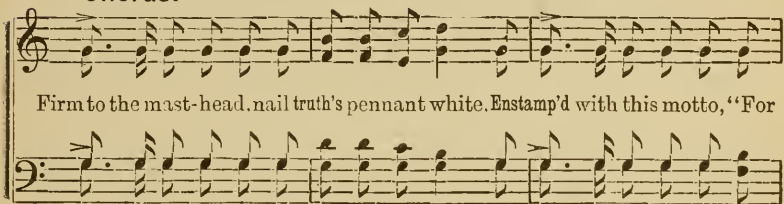
glad star of hope let thy bea - con light be;
 Al - might - y Cap - tain will arm thee with might; Tho' the
 pray'r then thy grad - rant, the Bi - ble thy chart; Keep
 kind One who marks e'en the wee spar - rows fall; Till the

Faith be' thy helmsman, thy keel ribbed with love, Thy
 grim pi - rate, death, hold thy soul in his grip, Then
 watch at the look - out, with care heave the lead, Thou canst
 last blow be struck, and the last foe o'er - thrown, And

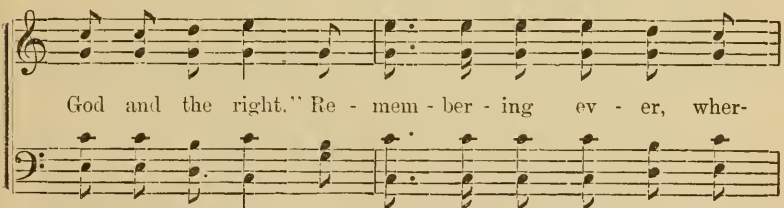


course ev - er shaped for the hav - en a - bove.
 trust to thy cap - tain, "Don't give up the ship."
 hear the loud cry, lo, break - ers a - head!
 then with the an - gels we'll sing, "Home, sweet home."

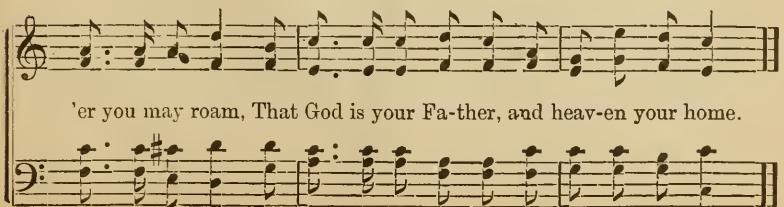
Chorus.



Firm to the mast-head, nail truth's pennant white, Enstamp'd with this motto, "For



God and the right." Re - mem - ber - ing ev - er, wher-



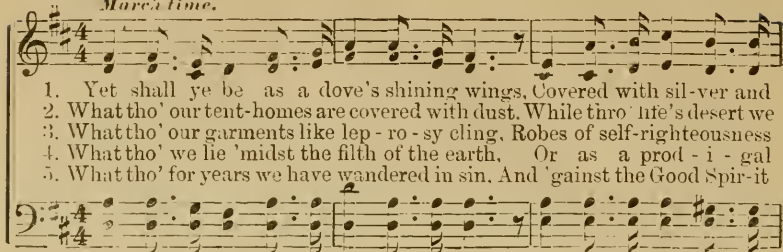
'er you may roam, That God is your Fa-ther, and heav-en your home.

White as the Wings of a Dove.

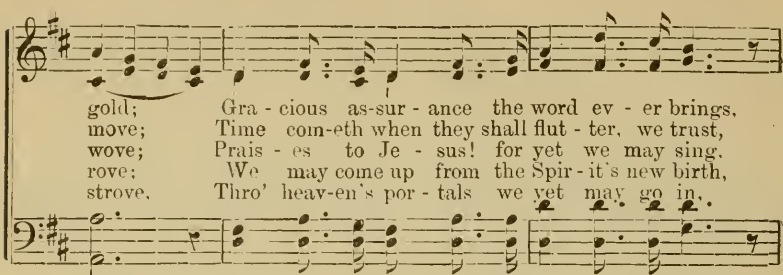
"Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver."—Ps. lviii. 13.

Rev. L. F. COLE.
March time.

J. M. STILLMAN.



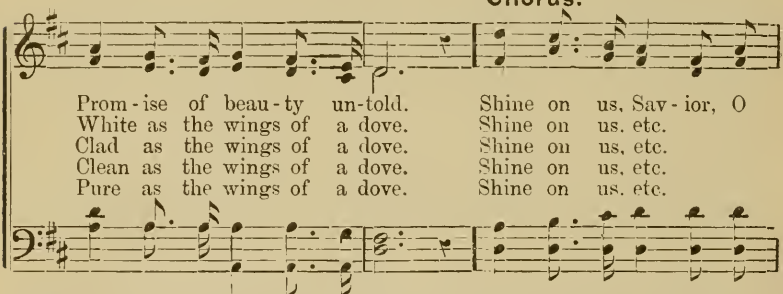
1. Yet shall ye be as a dove's shining wings, Covered with sil-ver and
 2. What tho' our tent-homes are covered with dust, While thro' life's desert we
 3. Whattho' our garments like lep-ro-sy cling, Robes of self-righteousness
 4. Whattho' we lie 'midst the filth of the earth, Or as a prod-i-gal
 5. Whattho' for years we have wandered in sin, And 'gainst the Good Spir-it



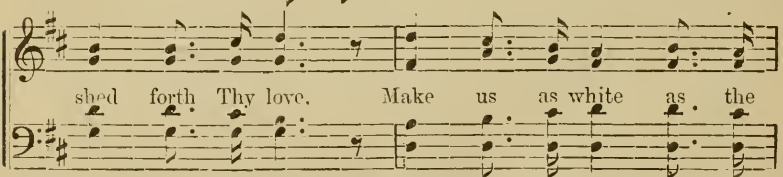
gold;
move;
wove;
rove;
strove.

Gra-cious as-sur-ance the word ev-er brings,
Time com-eth when they shall flut-ter, we trust,
Prais-es to Je-sus! for yet we may sing.
We may come up from the Spir-it's new birth,
Thro' heav-en's por-tals we yet may go in.

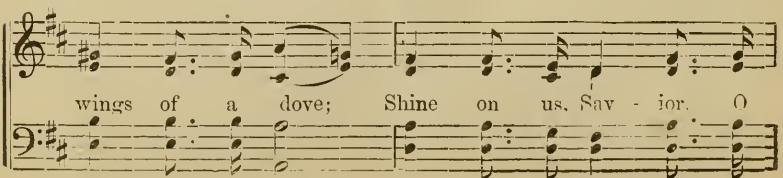
Chorus.



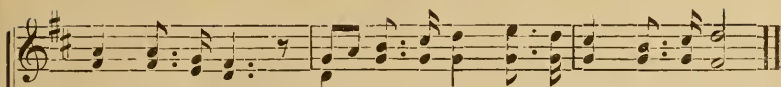
Prom-ise of beau-ty un-told. Shine on us, Sav-ior, O
 White as the wings of a dove. Shine on us, etc.
 Clad as the wings of a dove. Shine on us, etc.
 Clean as the wings of a dove. Shine on us, etc.
 Pure as the wings of a dove. Shine on us, etc.



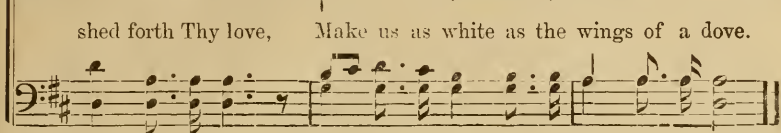
shed forth Thy love. Make us as white as the



wings of a dove; Shine on us, Sav-ior, O




shed forth Thy love, Make us as white as the wings of a dove.

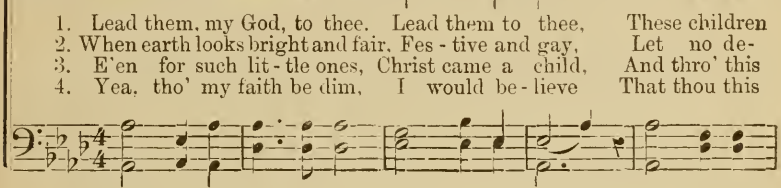
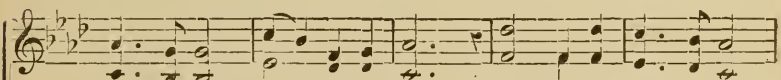


Lead Them to Thee.

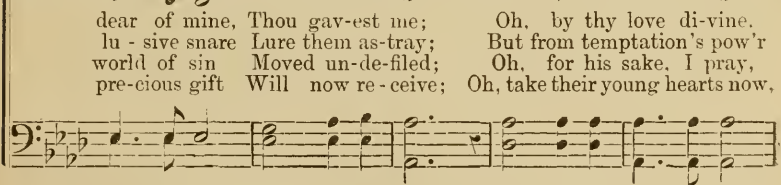
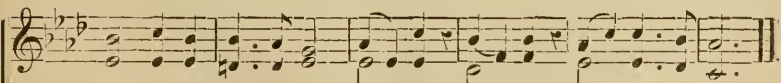
J. W. PRATT.



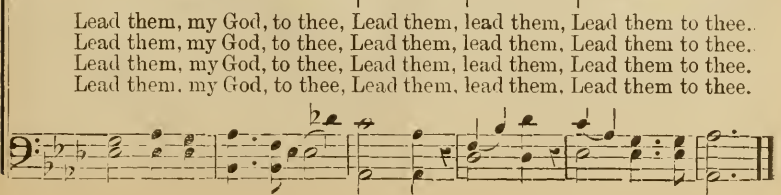
1. Lead them, my God, to thee. Lead them to thee, These children
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no de-
3. E'en for such little ones, Christ came a child, And thro' this
4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be-lieve That thou this

dear of mine, Thou gav-est me; Oh, by thy love di-vine,
lu-sive snare Lure them as-tray; But from temptation's pow'r
world of sin Moved un-de-filed; Oh, for his sake, I pray,
pre-cious gift Will now re-ceive; Oh, take their young hearts now,

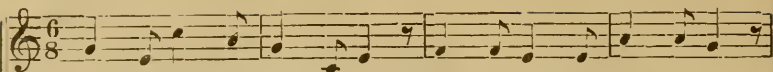
Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them, lead them, Lead them to thee.
Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them, lead them, Lead them to thee.
Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them, lead them, Lead them to thee.
Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them, lead them, Lead them to thee.



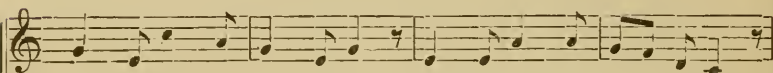
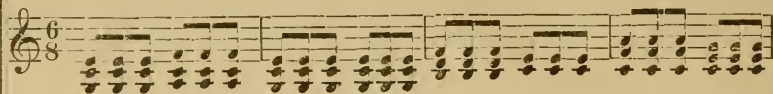
Child's Prayer.

Mrs. MARY B. CLARK.

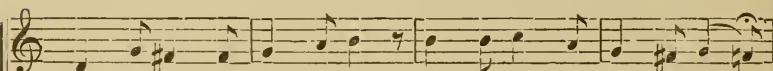
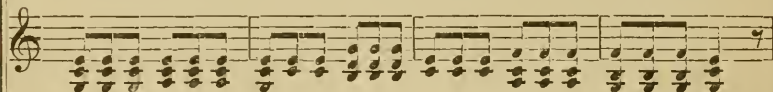
J. M. STILLMAN.



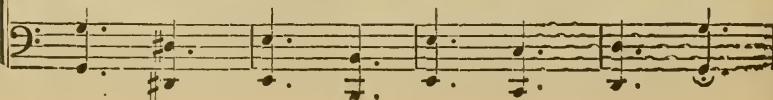
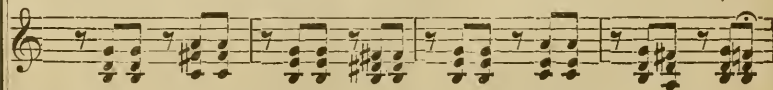
1. By her cot at hush of eve, Knelt a lit - tle spot-less one,
 D.C. 3. Thron'd in glo-ry and in light, High the heav'n of heav'ns a-bove;
 4. Sure the pray'r of childhood stole Soft - ly to the heart of hearts.



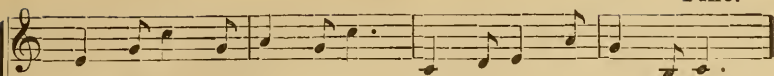
Gold - en curls a - down her neck, Ra-dient as the set - ting sun;
 Reigning o'er ten-thousand worlds, Dwelt the might-y Lord of love;
 Blend-ing with the mu-sic's spell Which the cher - ub psalm im-parts;



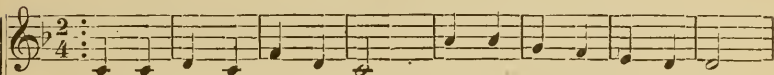
Meekly clasp'd her dimpled hands, And her upturn'd brow was fair,
 Mu - sic soft a-round him swept, Gold - en harp and ser - aph lyre,
 Guileless, pleading, trustful, pure, Ho - ly in - cense un - to heaven;



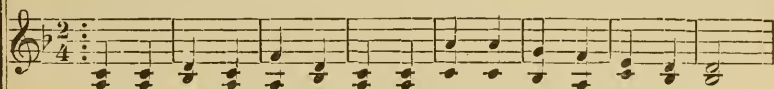
Fine.



While her soft - ly part - ed lips Whispered out a child-ish pray'r.
End - less hal - le - lu-jahs, breath'd Forth by heav'n's re-joic-ing choir.
Rich - er gift than an - gels bring, Lo! a - lit - tle child hath given.



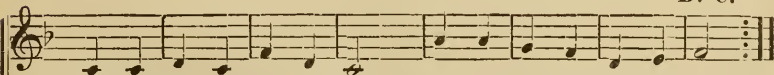
2. { Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry. To thy lit - tle child draw nigh;
Teach me al-ways what is right. Guard me thro' the long, dark night;



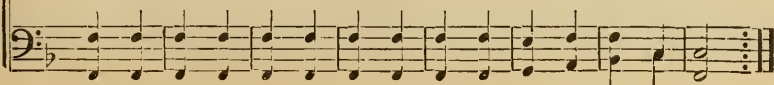
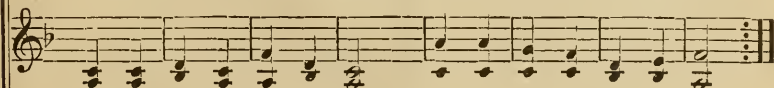
pp



D. C.



I am weak, but thou art strong, Keep me ev - er from the wrong; {
All my ma - ny faults for-give. Let me sometime with thee live. {

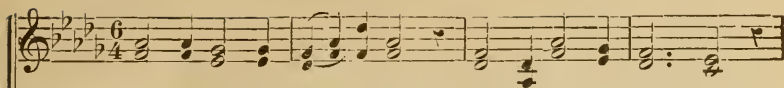


Jesus Wept.

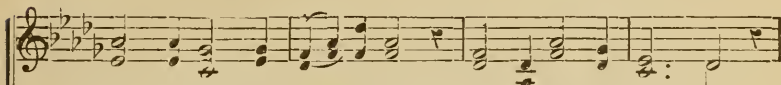
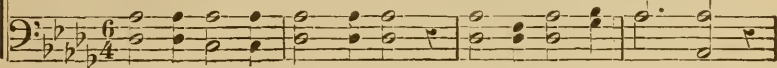
111

S. PIKE.

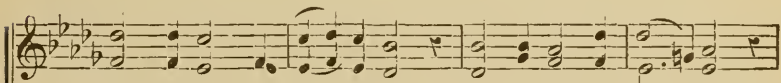
WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.



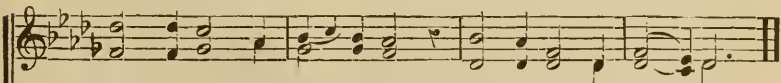
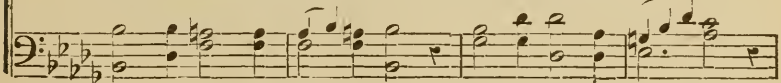
1. Je-sus wept—oh, wondrous thought, Seal of love from heav - en;
2. Je-sus wept—the blessed dew On the grave de-scend - ed;
3. Je-sus wept—let ev - 'ry voice Join the swelling cho - rus;
4. Join we then the glad re-frain, Sweetest anthems bring-ing;



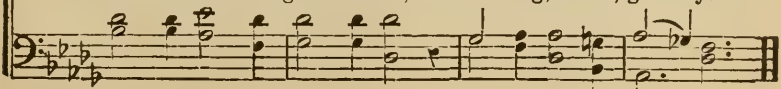
Tears with which our joy was bought, Pledge of sin for-giv - en:
There the monster death he slew, Life and love were blend - ed:
He hath bid - den us re-joyce, While he sorrow'd o'er us:
Catch the soul-in-spir-ing strain, An-gel hosts are sing - ing:



Tear-drops from the court above: Welling out in sad - ness;
Life im-mor - tal, life for man, Born of love su - per - nal;
To the lit - tle children's lot This blest hope was giv - en;
"Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!" Won-der-ful the sto - ry!



Jus - tice sat - is - fied by love, Pitying hu - man mad - ness.
Life that cir - cles in its span, Heav'nly joys e - ter - nal.
Suf - fer, and for - bid them not, For of such is heav - en.
Prais-es to the great "I AM," "Blessing, honor, glo - ry!"



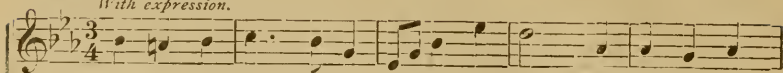
Ye Did It Unto Me.

"As ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."—MATT. xxv. 40.

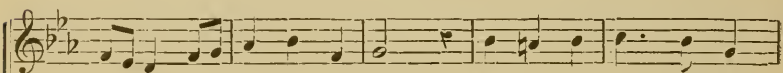
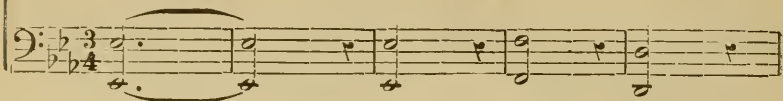
Mrs. BELLE E. TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

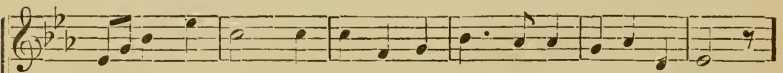
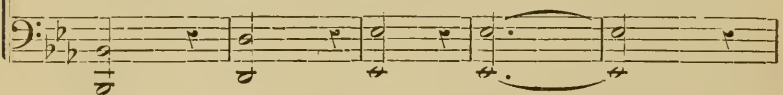
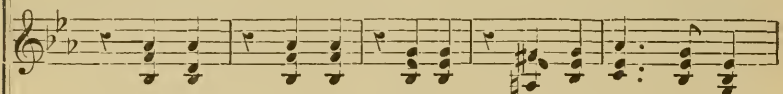
With expression.



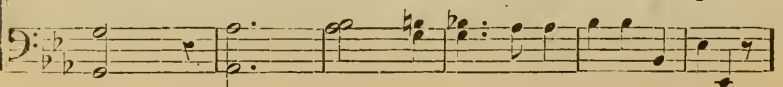
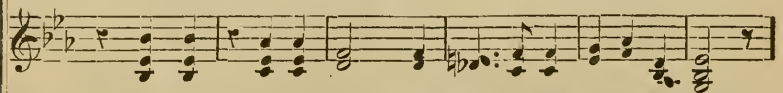
1. There was a hun - gry one, fainting for bread, Who pass - ing the
2. There was a shiv - ring one, out on the wold, With on - ly vain
3. There was a tempt - ed one, go - ing as - tray. Whom of - ten thou
4. There was a dy - ing one, wea - ry and lone, Whose life bark was



door - way, by thy hand was fed;	Ma - ny a sel - fish one
tat - ters 'twixt her and the cold;	Thou gav - est garments warm,
saw - est while pass - ing thy way;	Borne down by weight of wrong,
drift - ing in - to the un - known;	Thy hand threw out to him



paid him no heed, But thou in thy thoughtfulness gave to his need.
hush'd her faint cry, Nor left her in wretchedness, lonely, to die.
thou gav - est aid, Of thy name so spotless thou wert not a - fraid.
o - ver the wave, The strong rope of faith which on - ly can save.



Ye Did It Unto Me---Concluded. 113

Chorus.

And thus the Sav - ior says to thee; "Ye

there - fore did it un - to me," Ye

did it un - to me..... Ye did it un - to
to me,

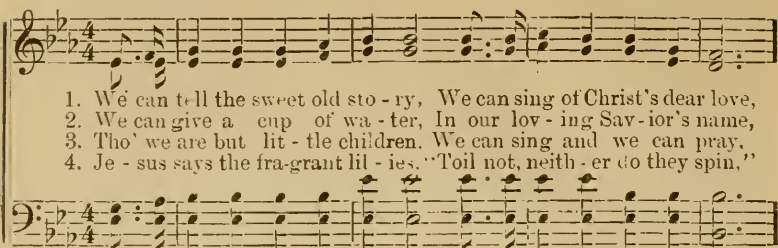
me.....
me, to me; And thus the Sav - ior

says to thee, "Ye there-fore did it un - to me."

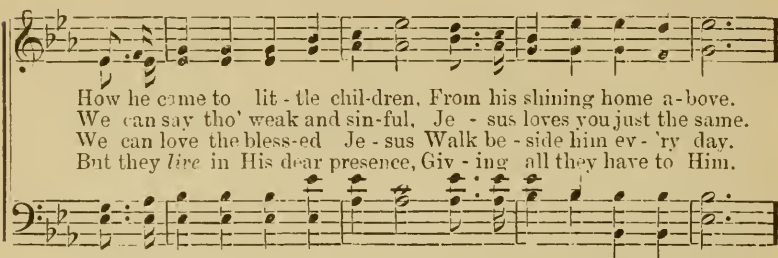
What Can Children Do?

ELIZA M. SPERMAN.

J. G. BURICK.

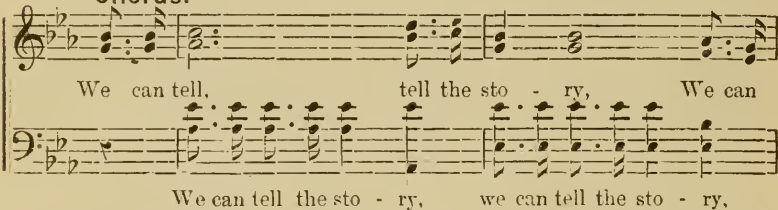


1. We can tell the sweet old sto - ry, We can sing of Christ's dear love,
 2. We can give a cup of wa - ter, In our lov - ing Sav - ior's name,
 3. Tho' we are but lit - tle children. We can sing and we can pray,
 4. Je - sus says the fra-grant lil - ies, "Toil not, neith - er do they spin,"

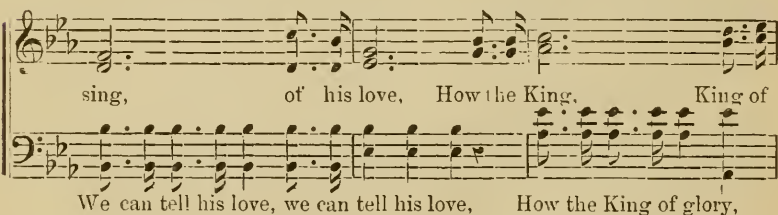


How he came to lit - tle chil - dren, From his shi - ning home a - bove.
 We can say tho' weak and sin - ful, Je - sus loves you just the same.
 We can love the bless - ed Je - sus Walk be - side him ev - 'ry day.
 But they live in His dear presence, Giv - ing all they have to Him.

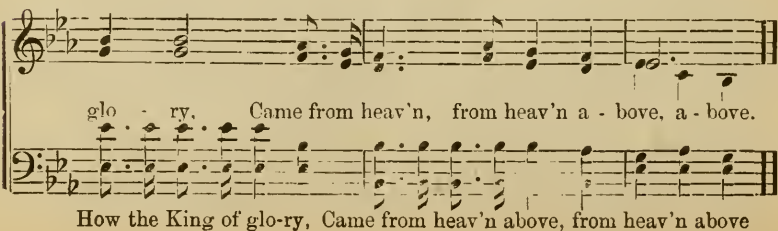
Chorus.



We can tell, tell the sto - ry, We can
 We can tell the sto - ry, we can tell the sto - ry,



sing, of his love, How the King, King of
 We can tell his love, we can tell his love, How the King of glory,



glo - ry. Came from heav'n, from heav'n a - bove, a - bove.
 How the King of glo - ry, Came from heav'n above, from heav'n above

Lighten the Ship.


"And they cast out their wares that were in the ship, to lighten it of them."—JONAH i. 5.

Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

ad libitum.

ad libitum



1. Oh, so proud - ly she rides on the o - cean's waves, In the
2. They sur - ren - der their freight with a will - ing hand, Caring
3. Oh, the voy - age was long and the way was dark, And the
4. There are voy - a - gers now on the sea of life, And their

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a sequence of notes: a quarter rest, a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a sequence of notes: a quarter rest, a quarter note D3, a quarter note E3, a quarter note F3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note A3. The notes are grouped by vertical lines, indicating they are played simultaneously.

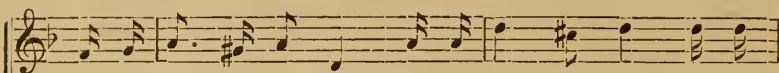
glint-ing of morn-ing so bright, And her sails, how they glow, in their
naught, so that life they may save, And they pave with their wares, the old
wind blew in fu - ri - ous blast; But the bark rode the wave and its
barks have encounter'd the blast; They must lighten the ship, if they'd

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The score is presented on a yellowed, aged paper background.

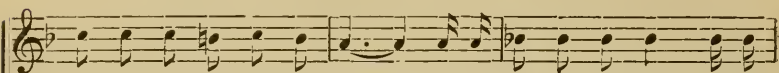
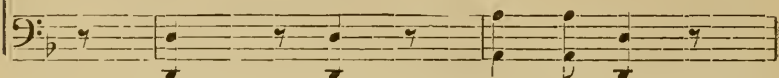
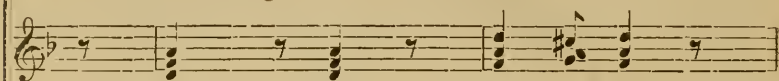
mag - ic strength. As she pass es so grand ly from sight!
o - cean's bed, Knowing well it may yet prove their grave;
an - chor found In the far a - way ha - ven at last;
gain the port. And would an-chor in safe - ty at last:

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is written in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with a final measure containing a half note and a quarter note. The accompaniment consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with a final measure containing a half note and a quarter note. The score is written in a simple, clear font.

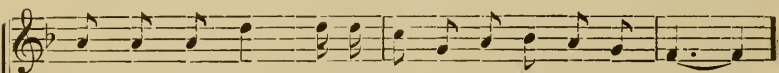
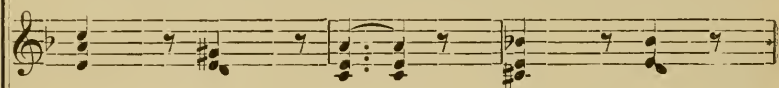
Lighten the Ship---Continued.



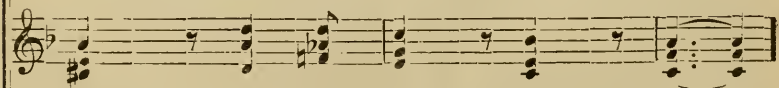
But there com - eth a storm, and the white caps rise, And the
Was there ev - er such waste as the light - ning show'd. As it
As each hand grasps a hand, on that storm toss'd shore, And the
But so firm - ly they cling to their treas - ures dear, And on



sail - ors are stricken with fear! And their fac - es are white, as they
lit up the sea with its glare? And the face of the crew was a
glad notes of joy reach the hills, Oh, how lit - tle they care for the
dan-ger they reck-less - ly frown, That they car - ry a - long this



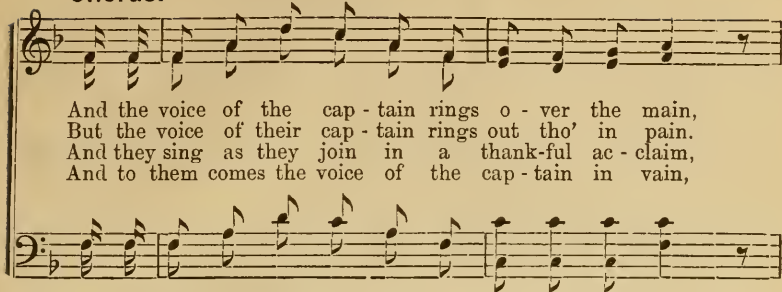
stand on the ship. While the storm-cloud draws rap-id - ly near.
stud - y to see, As they pour'd out their treasures so rare.
treas - ures they lost, While their hearts with such pure rapture thrills.
world, and its gain. Tho' it sure - ly is dragging them down.



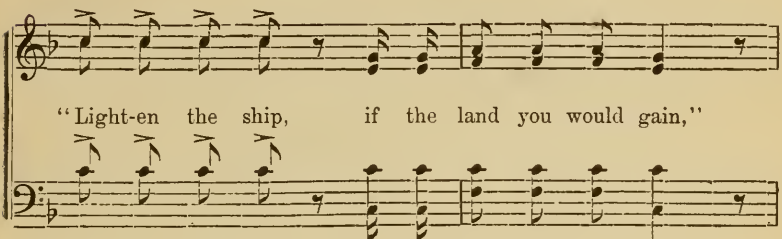
Lighten the Ship---Concluded.

117

Chorus. *First time as a solo.*



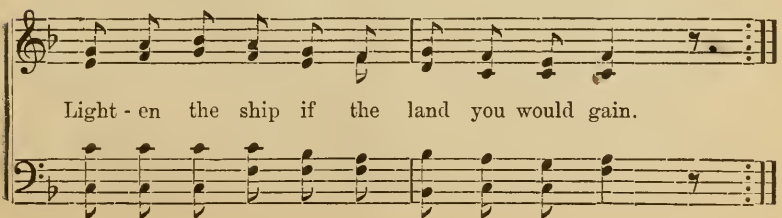
And the voice of the cap - tain rings o - ver the main,
 But the voice of their cap - tain rings out tho' in pain.
 And they sing as they join in a thank - ful ac - claim,
 And to them comes the voice of the cap - tain in vain,



"Light-en the ship, if the land you would gain,"



Light - en the ship, Light - en the ship,



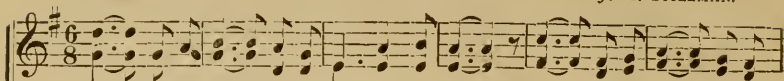
Light - en the ship if the land you would gain.

Toil On for Jesus.

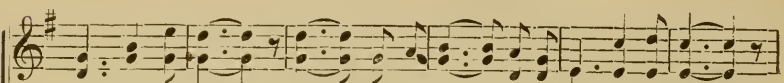
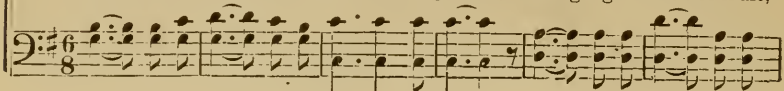
"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—JOHN ix. 4.

Rev. LAFAYETTE F. COLE.

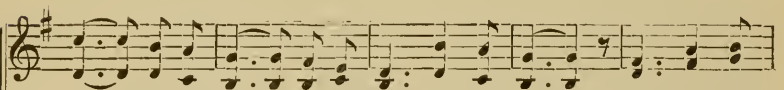
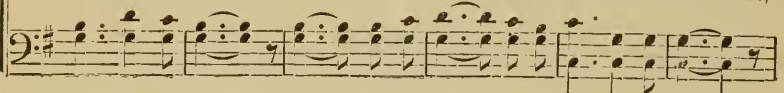
J. M. STILLMAN.



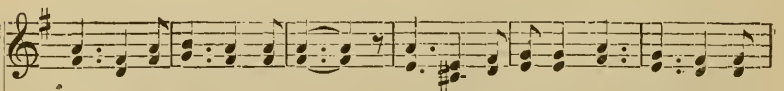
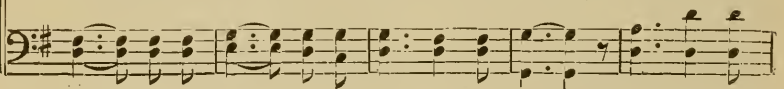
1. Shadows stretch eastward, the night draweth near, Soon will its man-tle of
2. Hast thou a sic - le, the har-vest is white; Hast thou a friend unsav'd,
3. Vain - ly the e - ven-tide loi - ter-er grieves, Bringing instead of fruit,



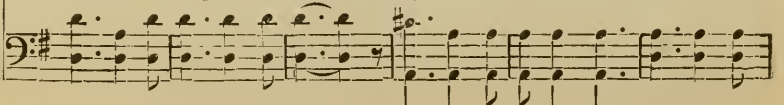
dark-ness ap-pear; Droop o - ver all that is dear to us here.
work while 'tis light; Art thou unsav'd thyself, think of the night.
"Nothing but leaves;" Glo - rious the la-b'rer who falls midst his sheaves,

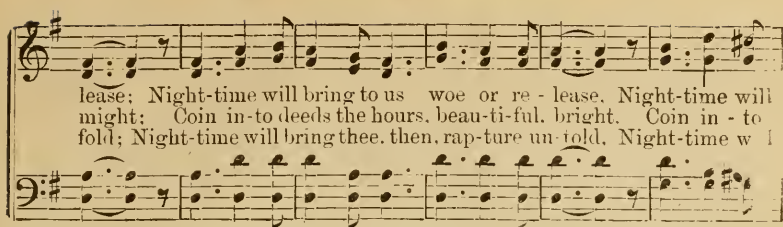


Droop o - ver all that is dear to us here; Fac - es will
Art thou un - sav'd thy-self, think of the night; Naught can be
Glo - rious the la - b'rer who falls midst his sheaves; Thrust in the



van-ish and voices will cease, Spir - it will struggle with flesh for re-
done in the on-com-ing night, What thy hand findeth, then do with thy
sickle then, reap down the gold. Bring back the des-ert lost, safe to the





lease; Night-time will bring to us woe or re-lease. Night-time will
might; Coin in-to deeds the hours, beau-ti-ful, bright. Coin in - to
fold; Night-time will bring thee, then, rap-ture un-told, Night-time w

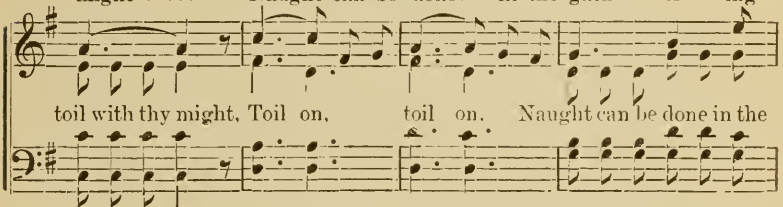
Chorus.

Toil on for Je-sus then, toil with thy



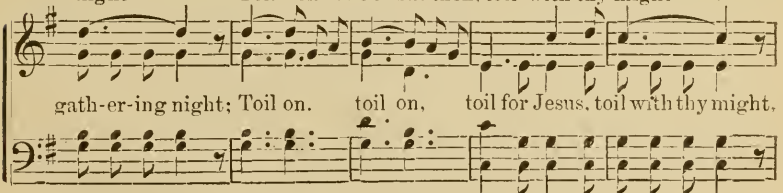
bring to us woe or re-lease. Toil on, toil on, toil for Jesus.
deeds the hours, beau-ti-ful, bright. Toil on, etc.
bring thee, then, raptur un-told. Toil on, etc.

might..... Naught can be done... in the gath - er - ing



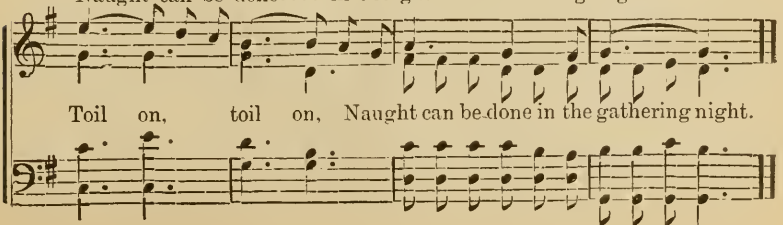
toil with thy might, Toil on, toil on. Naught can be done in the

night..... Toil on for Je-sus then, toil with thy might.....



gath-er-ing night; Toil on. toil on, toil for Jesus, toil with thy might.

Naught can be done... in the gath - er - ing night.....

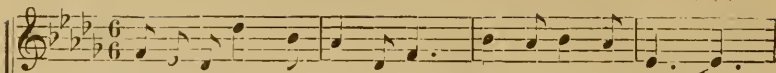


Toil on, toil on, Naught can be done in the gathering night.

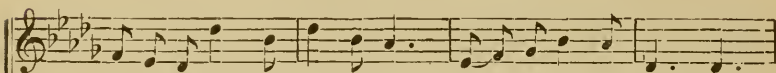
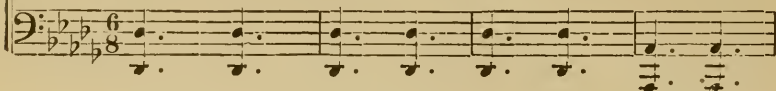
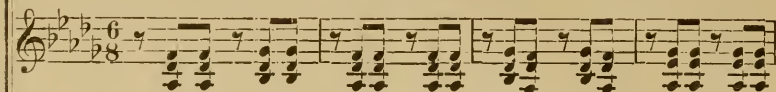
When My Work is Done.

W. A. S.

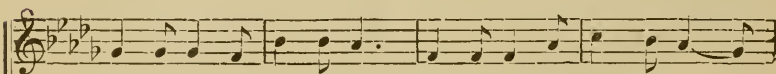
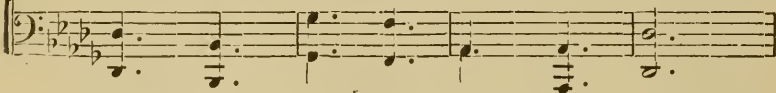
E. W. SPENCER, by per



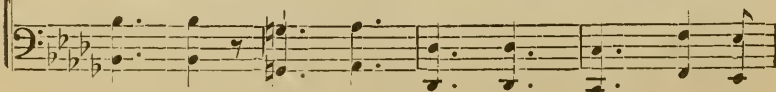
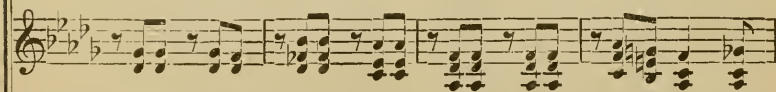
1. Only when vict'ry ends the fray, The last bat - tle won;
2. Ma - ny a soul in sin enslaved Must for Christ be won;
3. On - ly a few more days remain, Life will soon be gone;

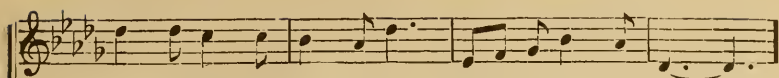


On - ly when shadows close the day Will my work be done:
 Ma - ny a broth - er must be saved, Ere my work is done;
 Hasten my feet midst toil and pain, Till my work is done;

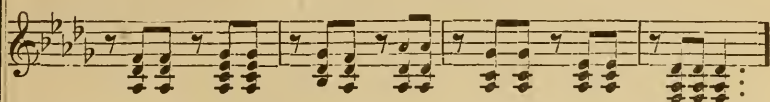


Struggles fierce and battles long, Foes unnumbered round me throng;
 Others may their powers employ, Seeking pleasures which alloy;
 Souls in darkness wail and cry, Let me to their res - cue fly;

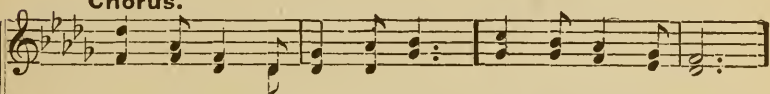




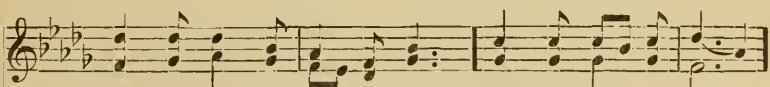
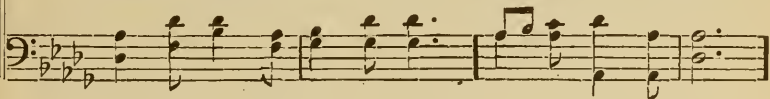
Wav-ing ban-ners vic-tor's song Cheer my spir-it on,
Je-sus' work is all my joy, As my days glide on.
Show to those a-bout to die, Christ, God's blessed Son.



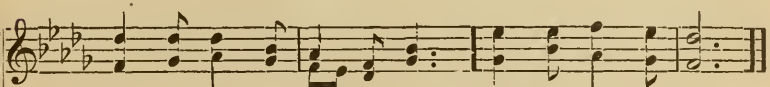
Chorus.



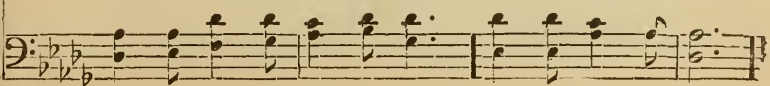
When the clouds are o-ver-past, Forth will shine the sun;



Vic-to-ry will come at last, When my work is done,



Vic-to-ry will come at last, When my work is done.



We are Singing.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

J. M. STILLMAN.

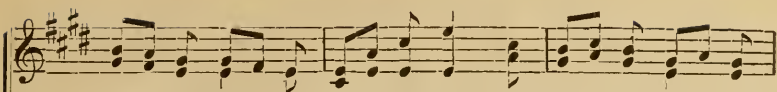
1. We are singing sweetest prais-es In our sabbath school to-day.
 2. We are weeping o'er Christ's suffering, Weeping o'er the blood he shed.
 3. We are singing sweetest prais-es Of the Sav-ior cru-ci-fied.
 4. Sweetest praises, glad hosannahs, We will sing to him for aye.

Learn-ing les-sons of the Mas-ter, He the life, the truth, the way.
 But our sigh will change to sing-ing When his crown is on our head.
 Who for love of us, his chil-dren, Came to earth and lived and died.
 Who doth keep our feet from falling When they falter in the way.

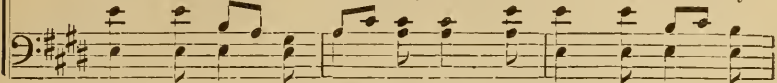
Chorus,

Sing-ing prais-es, sweet-est prais-es Of the heavenly home a - bove ;

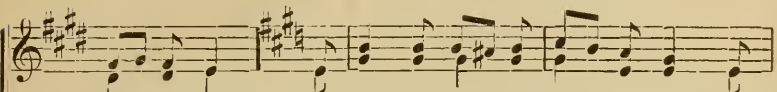
We are sing-ing glad ho-san - nas Of the Fa-ther and his love.



hope, when old - er we have grown, To gath - er much where
raise our hearts to God a - bove And thank Him for His
Bi - ble tells us where they are, And we can see by



God's dear Son, our Guid - ing Star, Will lead us to that



ye have sown: We want to learn the way of right And
boundless love; And, when the ev'n - ing shad - ows creep And
wisdom's star:) And then, when old - er we have grown. We



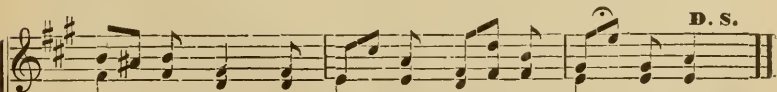
bet - ter land; But, would we gain that port of light That



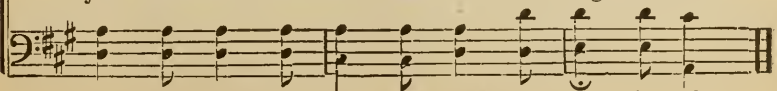
walk in wis - dom's path of light, And, guid - ed by our
an - gels sing the flow'rs to sleep, We ask Him if these
hope to reap where ye have sown, And meet at last on



li - eth on the far - ther side, We must be strong to



Sav - ior's hand, To jour - ney tow'rd the bet - ter land.
an - gels bright May guard us through the com - ing night.
yon - der shore Where sin and sor - row reign no more.



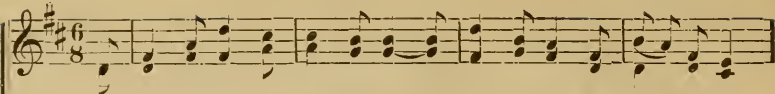
do the right, And trust in Him what - e'er be - tide.

Anniversary Hymn.

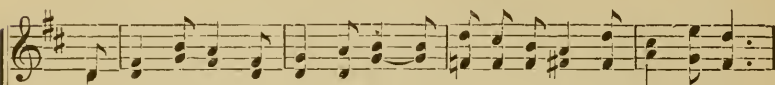
L. F. L.

For "Children's Day." Service.

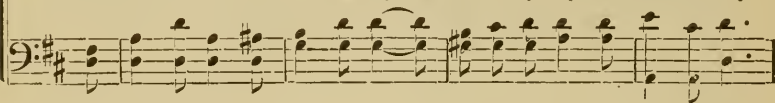
L. F. LINDSAY.



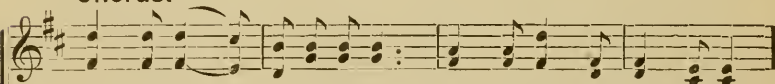
1. An - oth - er year has passed a - way, Since last we met on Children's Day;
2. Our teach - ers here to - day we greet, And with them bow at Je - sus' feet,
3. Since last we met on Children's Day, Some have gone the heav'nly way,
4. We'll trust him still for years to come, And hope to meet when years are done,



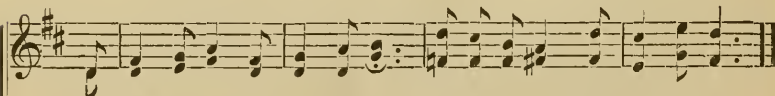
Each Sabbath fill'd with ho - ly song, As we have mingled with the throng.
 To thank him as we draw thus near, For all the blessings of the year.
 To sing with him a glad new hymn: We know our dear Savior let them in.
 'Mid flow'rs in robes of white ar-ray, Where ev'ry day is Children's Day.



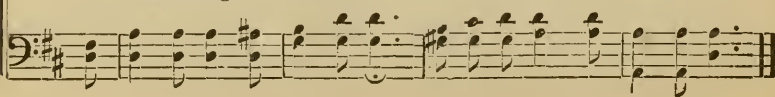
Chorus.



Brightest day, beau-ti-ful day, This is hap - py Children's Day;



As flow'rs we bring our hearts to thee, Make them our Savior pure and free.



Rock of Ages.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. *TOPLADY.*

The Drunkard's Prayer.

Tune, "America."

1. My Savior, if to thee
With all my strength I flee,
Will danger die?
Thou didst for Peter pray,
While fiends around his way,
Like vultures o'er their prey
Exulting cry.
2. Each day I seem beset
With bristling bayonet,
And strength is fled;
My foes without, within,
Like giants armed to win,
And goading on to sin,
And hope is dead.
3. O Christ! oh, help divine!
Stronger than strength of wine,
Help me to win!
To win my manhood back,
Give all the force I lack.
To drive from off my track
This vampire, sin.
4. And if this trembling form
Can stand beyond the storm,
Close by the throne,
I'll sing of love divine,
Stronger than love of wine,
Which saved this soul of mine,
By grace alone. *Mrs. H. A. DUBOIS.*

We will Sign the Pledge.

Tune, "Sweet By and By."

1. God is sending his truth o'er the
world,
And his foes long so boastful must
fall;
For his armies with banners unfurl'd
Boldly march to the word of his
call.
CHO.—We will sign, sign the pledge,
We will banish the rum-fiend
from sight;
We will sign, sign the pledge,
And will battle for God and
the right.
2. We will strike off the chains of the
slave,
And the fallen will aid to arise;
And the demon we'll scourge to his
grave,
While our watch-word ascends to
the skies.
3. And the desert shall bloom as the
rose,
When the Day of the Lord shall
appear.
Bringing gladness to hearts crushed
with woes,
And the dawn of the glory is here.
A. A. HOSKIN.

One More Struggle.

Tune, "Autumn."

1. One more struggle; brothers, meet it!
Be not cowards in the strife!
Each has int'rest in the issue,
More to gain or loose than life.
Ask none else to do your duty,
Do yourself with willing soul;
Hist'ry's pen, all bathed in glory,
Waits to write you on its roll.
2. One more struggle; brothers, face it!
Come, ye faithful ones and true!
Back, ye timid ones and doubting,
Work like this is not for you:
Willing hands must strike for temperance,
Faithful ones must overthrow,
Every wish that foe may cherish,
Every wish that drunkards know.
3. Shall your name with you be buried,
And your mem'ry die with you?
Why not join the glorious circle,
Of the world's immortal few?
Why not have your deeds recorded
On the monument of fame?
Why not leave the world your debtor,
For a noble life and name?

4. One more struggle, and the tramping
Of the battling host shall cease;
One more struggle, then the shining
Of the glorious sun of peace;
One more struggle! who will bear it?
Who will haste the coming morn,
And be blessed by living millions,
And by millions yet unborn?

A. A. HOSKIN.

The Good Ship Temperance.

Tune, "Larboard Watch."

1. Across the ocean's foaming main,
A ship comes bearing into sight.
She bears right proudly temperance
name,
Inscribed in golden letters bright;
In vain winds beat and tempests
pour, [bird;
She rides the wave like sea-born
And from the waiting throng on
shore.
A call by those on board is heard,
Temperance ship ahoy!
There comes answer to the call,
There's room on board, come one,
come all!
Our captain is the King on high,
Who bids us ever heed the cry of
Temperance ship ahoy!

2. Away with sorrow, pain, and care,
The evils of the drunkard's cup,
And proudly still our manhood wear.
And take the cause of temperance
up;
In sorrow's place there will be joy,
A mother's smile where now's a
sigh,
And happiness without alloy;
Come, let us joyfully raise the cry,
Temperance ship ahoy!
We'll hear this answer to our call,
There's room on board, come one,
come all!
Our captain is the King on high,
Who bids us ever heed the cry of
Temperance ship ahoy!

C. B. HARGER

Temperance Hymn.

Tune, "Sessions."

1. O God, we come in faith to thee,
Thy blessing humbly now implore;
Oh, set the rum-bound captive free,
Bid them arise and sin no more.
2. The chains are strong which bind
him down,
In helpless, joyless slavery;
And bright was manhood's glorious
crown,
Now lost in passion's raging sea.

3. And while he passes ruin's way,
All heaven is moved with pitying
To see the drunkard cast away [love,
His bright inheritance above.

4. O Lord, the arm of flesh is weak;
Grant us the aid of power divine,
To save the erring ones we seek,
And endless praises shall be thine.

A. A. HOSKIN.

Hear the Vows We Make to Thee

Tune, "Greenville."

1. Tell me, oh, ye gentle zephyrs,
Sighing through the lonely vale;
Tell me now where sleep the echoes,
Sounding once o'er hill and dale;
Voice of prayer, all music laden.
Childish laughter, gladsome tread;
Hopes, fond hopes so rudely severed,
All your bloom and beauty fled.
2. Many are the sad hearts mourning
For the erring ones to-night,
Many are the hearth-stones lonely,
In the shadow's misty light;
God in heaven, God our Father,
Hear the vows we make to thee,
Ne'er to cease our cries and pleading
Till our rum cursed land is free.
3. Free! O weeping wives and mothers;
Free! ye children born to shame;
Free! ye husbands, sons, and brothers
From the tyrant's galling chains:
Oh, ye winds and waves of ocean,
Waft the tidings o'er the sea,
God, our God has heard our pleading,
All the world shall yet be free.

HATTIE SHEPHERD.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

1. My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

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